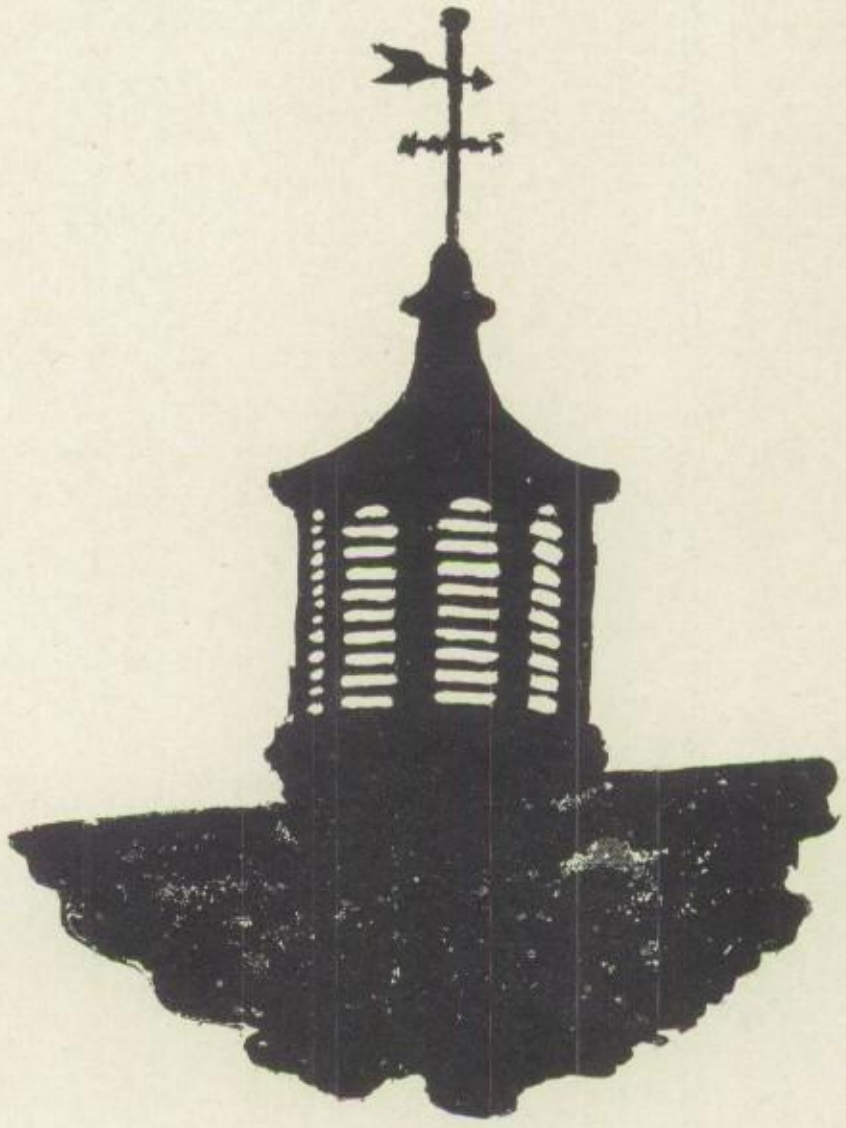
WEATHER VANE



WEATHER VANE

MAUMEE VALLEY COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

MAUMEE, OHIO

The
WEATHER VANE
1943

MARIAN DUNNING PARSONS

Dedication

In appreciation of her enduring guidance of our Weather Vane Staff; of her affinity for the classics; of her attack on present day problems, whether they be those of the children at Marshall School or plans for a post-war world; of the culture which she embodies, but does not intrude on others; of her example as an alumna of our school; of her lighter moments when she "sends out" with a gay "Jingle Jangle, Jingle," we say:

"This *Weather Vane* to Miss Parsons with love."

WILLIS STORK, *Headmaster*

Dear Students:

Speaking for the faculty and myself, I strongly urge you, conditioned by and cognizant of the best we have been able to offer, and charitably forgetful of our mistakes, to go out from our school fully determined and inspired to be better citizens in your homes, your community, your nation, and the world, and in turn to make each better for having known you. I am confident you will not fail them or us or yourselves.

Sincerely yours,

Willis Stork

FACULTY

WILLIS STORK ..... Headmaster
B.A., M.A. University of Nebraska; Harvard University

IVA BEARD ..... Latin
B.A. Georgetown College; M.A. University of Michigan; University of Kentucky; University of Chicago; American Academy, Rome, Italy

FLORENCE L. CASHMAN ..... Third and Fourth Grades
Marshall College; B.S. Ohio University

HUBERT V. CORYELL, JR. ..... Fifth and Sixth Grades—Social Studies
Harvard University; B. Ed. Boston University

CAROLINE DICKEY ..... Secretary
B.A. Smith College; Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School

RENÉE BEL GEARY ..... French
La Sorbonne, Paris, France

MARTHA HEATER ..... Preschool Assistant
University of Toledo

HARRIET HOLLISTER ..... Sewing
Milton Academy

CHRISTINE HOWELL ..... Nursery School
Nursery Training School, Boston

L. WILLIAM JOHNSON ..... Mathematics, Psychology
B.A., M.A. State University of Iowa

JOSEPH G. JORDAN ..... Seventh and Eighth Grades—Shop
University of Maine; Boston University; Bates College; University of Toledo

LUCILE LEWIS ..... Director of Preschool
B.S., M.A. University of Michigan; Merrill Palmer School; Ohio State University

ALICE B. LORENZ ..... Personal and Social Relationships
A.B. Oberlin; M.A. University of Toledo

MARIAN D. PARSONS ..... English
B.A. Wellesley College; M.A. University of Chicago

*LESTER J. PURSELL ..... Boys' Sports—Science
Springfield College; B.P.E. Purdue University

MARYELLEN SCHAEFER ..... Girls' Sports
B. of Ed. University of Toledo

LILLIAN P. SMITH ..... First and Second Grades
Buffalo University; Syracuse University

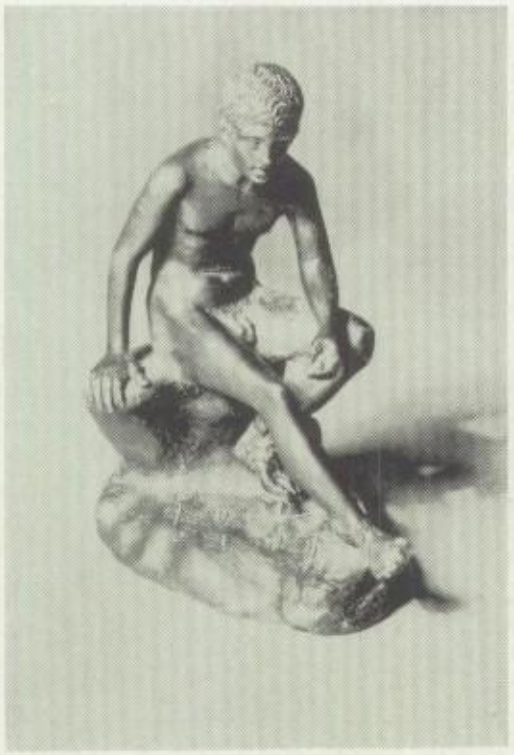
RUTH E. VIERLING ..... Music
B.M. Denison University; Juillard School of Music

ANNA B. WALDRON ..... Librarian
B.A. University of Indiana; B.S. Columbia University School of Library Science

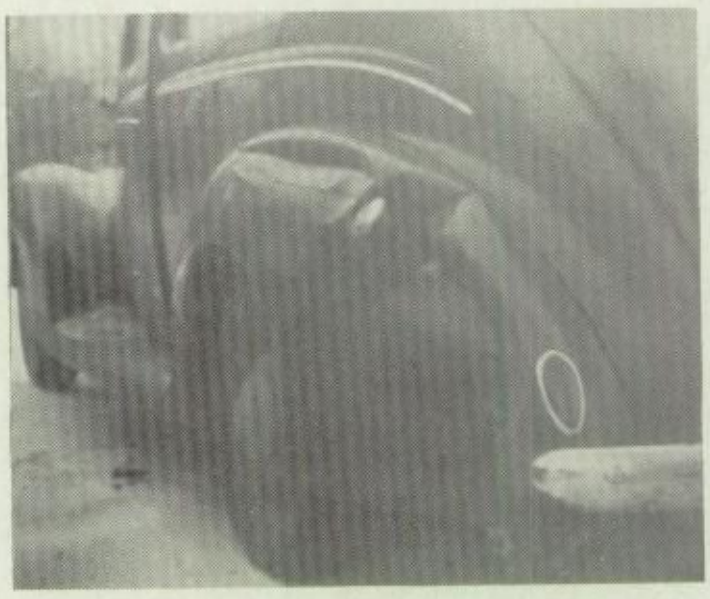
**Entered military service as a cadet in the Army Air Corps, February* 15, 1943

Seated: Mrs. Cashman, Miss Parsons, Miss Vierling, Mrs. Schaefer, Miss Heater, Mme. Geary, Miss Beard, Mrs. Hollister, Miss Smith, Mr. Johnson.
Standing: Miss Lewis, Mr. Coryell, Mr. Pursell, Mr. Stork, Mr. Jordan, Miss Dickey, Mrs. Howell.
Not in picture: Mrs. Lorenz, Mrs. Waldron.

WHO'S WHO



"Latin is not a dead language."



"Now, for example, the widgen."

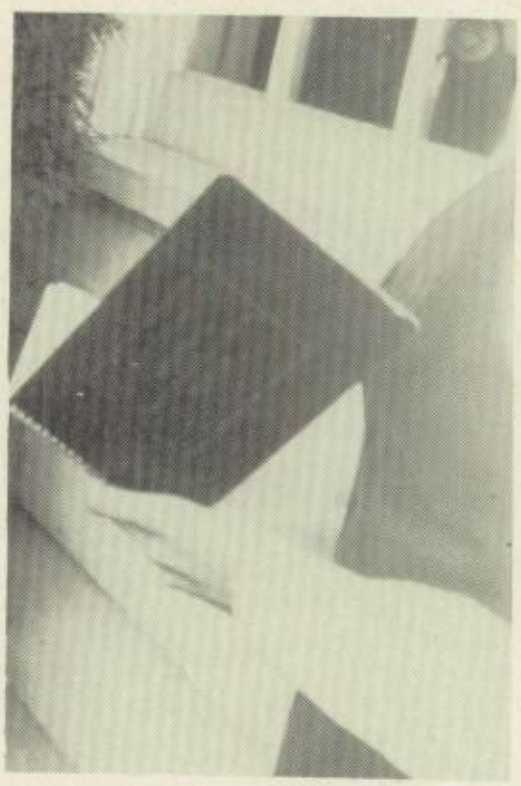
"Pas un mot d'anglais."

"Now back in Iowa . . . ."

"Have plenty of elbow room."

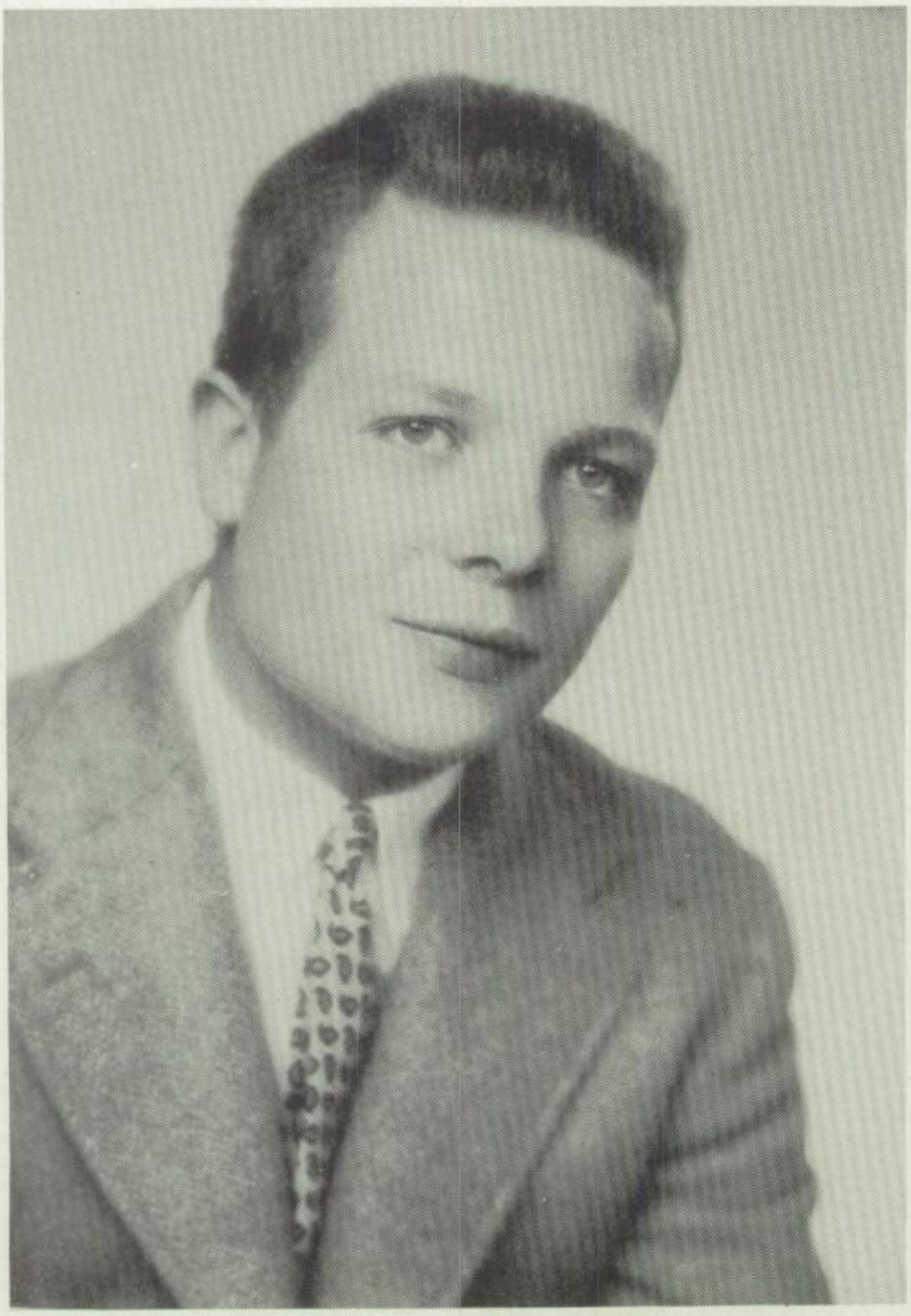
"She writes de - li - ght - fully."

"Come on, get on the ball."



"Squads!!!"

SENIORS



CHARLES SUMNER ASHLEY
1933-1936 1942-1943

Pet peeve.....Nail polish
Favorite expression.....“$*&() -?!”
Favorite occupation.....Resting
Ambition .....None
What he thinks about most.....Keeping within the law
Weakness .....Luette
Usually found.....At home

SONNY

DIANA BARTLEY
1942-1943

DEE

Pet peeve.....High heels with anklets
Favorite expression....."I should hear from him in a few days"
Favorite occupation.....Walking in the rain
Ambition.....To have an ambition
What she thinks about most.....Getting mail (both kinds)
Weakness.....Different shades of nail polish
Usually found...On the steps of students' entrance

COLETTE MARGUERITE BEL GEARY
1933-1943

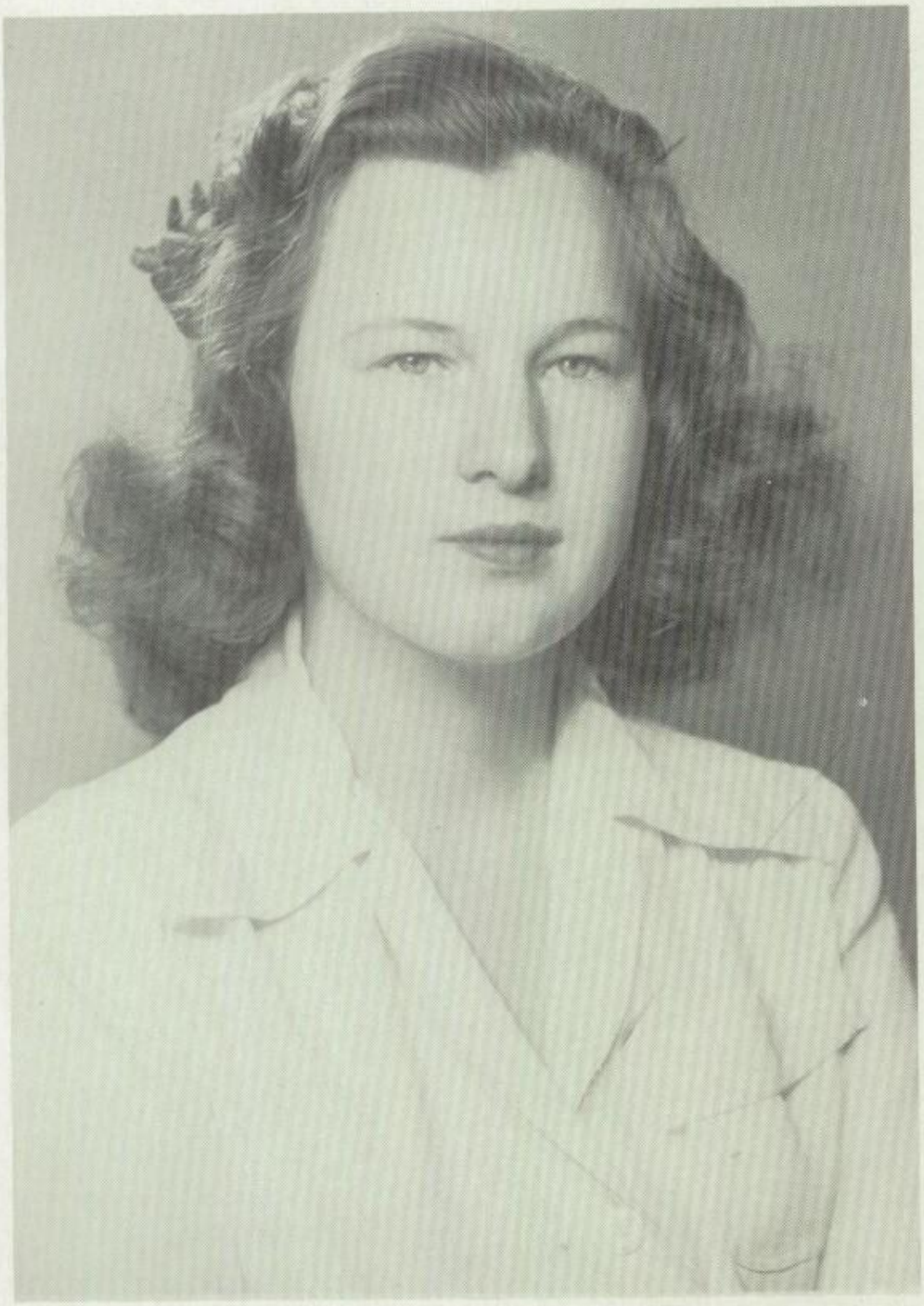
Pet peeve.....Being kidded about blushing
Favorite expression.....“Mon Dieu!”
Favorite occupation.....Eating
Ambition.....To meet Elizabeth Goudge
What she thinks about most.....Libbey
Weakness.....Tall blondes
Usually found....Driving out Reynolds about 9:20

COLETTE

PHYLLIS JEAN GOULD
1930-1932 1940-1943

PHYL

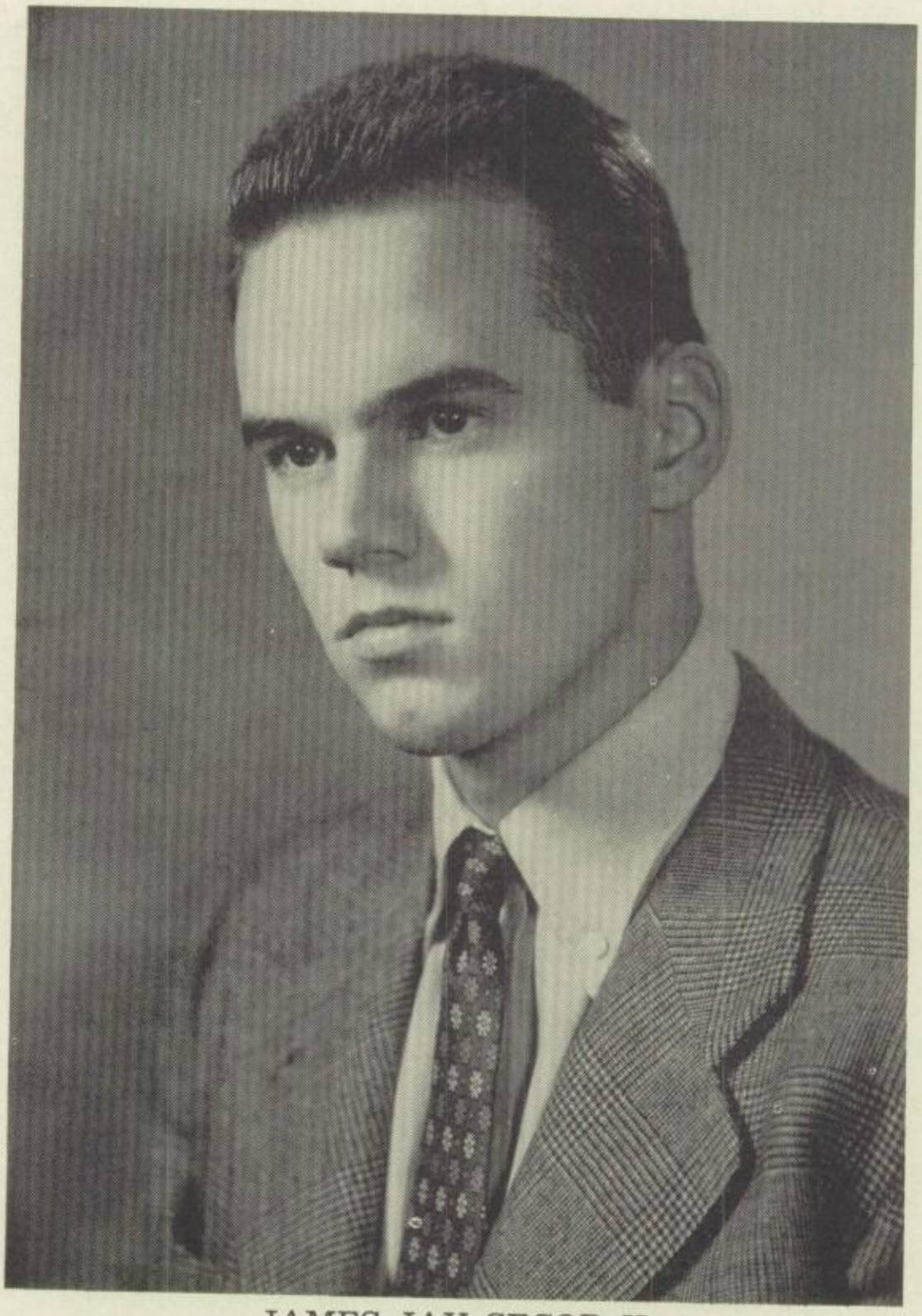
Pet peeve.....People who borrow her clothes without asking
Favorite expression.....“Jeepers!”
Favorite occupation.....Riding in a convertible
Ambition.....To dance with Fred Astaire
What she thinks about most.....Men
Weakness.....Believing everything she is told
Usually found.....Across the street



MARIE EDGERTON GRUBB
1939-1943

Pet peeve.....Putting her hair up every night
Favorite expression .....“Y’all”
Favorite occupation.....Sailboat riding
Ambition.....To be a southern belle
What she thinks about most....A certain Phi Delt
Weakness .....Her sinuses
Usually found.....At home on Monday

MEG



JAMES JAY SECOR II
1934-1939 1942-1943

JAMIE

Pet peeve.....Saddle shoes with nylons
Favorite expression.....“See you around”
Favorite occupation .....Doodling
Ambition .....To graduate
What he thinks about most.....Vacations
Weakness.....Getting in late at night
Usually found.....At the gas station

JOAN NAOMI WHALEN
1942-1943

Pet peeve.....Anybody's singing off key
Favorite expression.....“Oh nuts!”
Favorite occupation.....Playing her vic
Ambition.....To eat and grow thin
What she thinks about most.....What sweater she will wear tomorrow
Weakness .....Caramels
Usually found.....In the kitchen

JOANIE

HARRY NYE WIETING III
1942-1943

WEIT

Pet peeve.....Too much makeup
Favorite expression.....“Hi baby!”
Favorite occupation .....Smoking
Ambition.....To be happy
What he thinks about most.....Himself
Weakness.....Green eyes
Usually found.....At the piano

BRYANT WOOD
1937-1938 1942-1943

Pet peeve.....Girls dancing together
Favorite expression.....“Goodness gracious!”
Favorite occupation.....Playing opposite the leading lady
Ambition.....To be a hobo
What he thinks about most.....Planning to get things done and never doing them
Weakness .....Daydreaming
Usually found.....In the furnace room

BRY

SENIOR CLASS POLL

Best Student .....1. Colette
2. Joanie

Best Natured.....1. Colette
2. Meg

Best Dressed .....1. Meg
2. Bryant

Most Argumentative....1. Charlie
2. Diana

Best Dancer.....1. Phyllis
2. Bryant

Most Likely to Succeed..1. Colette
2. Harry

Lady's Man.....1. Charlie
2. Jamie

Most Athletic.....1. Jamie
2. Harry

Most Agreeable.....1. Joanie
2. Jamie

Man's Lady.....1. Joanie
2. Phyllis

Most Versatile.....1. Harry
2. Joanie

Most Courteous.....1. Meg
2. Bryant

Wittiest .....1. Diana
2. Charlie

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1943

We, the Class of One Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-Three of the Maumee Valley Country Day School in the City of Maumee, the County of Lucas, the State of Ohio, being of more or less (mostly less) sound mind, memory, and understanding, and after years of readin', writin', and 'rithmetic, being about to depart from this our dearly beloved school, and to make our way into the world of joy, do hereby make our last will and testament in the manner and form following:

First: To the junior class, we leave the senior boys.

Second: To the sophomores, we leave our psychology books.

Third: To the freshmen, we leave our exemption from study hall.

Fourth: As individuals we give, devise, and bequeath the following:

To Paula Secor, Joanie Whalen's figure

To Billy Clark, Charlie Ashley's boisterous romping

To Martha Wolfe, D. Bartley's crutch (for physical assistance on the morning after)

To Mr. Johnson and Mr. Coryell, Jamie Secor's crew cut and waistline respectively

To Jim Hendrickson, Bryant Wood's receding hair-line

To anyone who is slightly corpulent, Phyl Gould's unfinished diets

To M.V. in general, Colette Geary's appetite, to raise Mary's morale

To all who need it, Meg Grubb's speedy reading

To Mme. Geary, Harry Wieting's numerous (?) pencils

US

Since the class of '43 are reluctant about revealing their pasts and since they all have exceptional talent for malicious slanderings, they decided to use them in descriptions of one another. For obvious reasons the name of the author of each paragraph will not be revealed. Step out of the way, people, there's a storm coming up.

CHARLIE

For the more obvious details: Charles Ashley is about five feet ten inches tall, a husky boy, has light-brown hair, a pleasant smile, and a laugh that comes out in punctuated bursts. For the more important characteristics: he is intelligent, very well-mannered, and congenial company, he loves to have a good time (dates or stag), and makes an excellent host.

Charlie likes all sports. His good build and knowledge of wrestling make him one of the best I have seen in the unlimited weight class. As for football, an offensive backfield-man might find a brick wall if he happened to hit Charlie's slot in the defensive line. In addition, he is a fairly good field-event man in track, with regard to the shot-put.

Charlie's fun to be with at a party, because, among other things, he takes to almost any suggestion and makes a good time of it. He likes to dance, especially to waltz. He is often heard singing arias from Gilbert and Sullivan —some people protest, others enjoy it immensely. All in all, Charlie's a "good man."

DIANA

Dee is about five feet two, very pretty, has a tiny figure and long black hair. She has a mind of her own and is not afraid to use it, as her arguments with C.A. prove. Her playful moods are hilariously funny. Her maternal side is shown by her defiant affection for the most troublesome little demons on the school bus.

Dee, or Dracula, as Dee is sometimes lovingly called, has a distinct aversion to studying in first hour study hall. She prefers to burrow into a blanket and go to sleep on the couch. This procedure is altered in class only by the absence of the blanket. Dee makes an intelligent remark and then rests on her laurels and spends the remainder of the period staring into space.

Dee has a Persian cat who looks a little like Dee with its mysterious changing eyes. Napoleon is given to racing madly about the room hurdling obstacles in his path, and acting a bit demented. But, as Dee says, "He's such a sweet cat." We're all going to miss you next year, Dee, when you're in Arizona. (The army camps out there couldn't have influenced you, could they?) We'll miss your unfailing sense of humor and your cheerful banging on the piano.

COLETTE

For a person of a seemingly conservative nature, Colette has certainly experienced plenty of adventure—from careening down Reynolds Road during a test drive, to returning home from Paris alone just before the bombshell in Europe. She is forever attempting new things. During the Christmas holidays she sold sweaters (to fickle women) in LaSalle and Koch's main aisle.

She is an excellent student and an ambitious school supporter. In 1941-42 she was business manager for the *Weather Vane* and was chosen in her senior year for class representative to the Student Council and became president upon Harry's departure. She has a fondness for writing and a weakness for flowery descriptions. There are traces of temper and stubbornness hidden beneath but these are well under control. If ever a true friend is to be had, Colette will fill the bill. She is headed for Wellesley College where her talents will bring glory to M.V.C.D.S.

PHYL

Whenever the seniors get together, where do they meet? At Phyl's of course, in the recreation room. We wonder whether she doesn't get tired of picking up coke bottles after us. What about that birthday dinner at which we ate ourselves sick! Hospitality is her motto. "Jeepers!" is a favorite expression of Phyl's and her rhumba is a class legend. She shines in history and is forever carrying around huge tomes which she bravely struggles through, such as Tolstoy's *War and Peace.* However her spelling is - - - uncertain, and we expect that Miss P's red pencil will not get worn down so quickly when Phyl leaves.

In many projects, the reputation of the senior class has been saved by her original ideas and unbounding enthusiasm. She has a fondness for children and is always raving about Jane's baby. We can easily picture her at Devil's Lake, swimming, sailing, or bleaching her baby hair-cut. It seems there are other interests there, too. What about it, Phyl?

MEG

"Please, call me Meg!" Marie Edgerton Grubb is known to all intimates as Meg, Grubber, or anything else handy. Her long uncurled hair and blue eyes are a familiar sight about the halls which she has graced for three and a half years. These years were marked by such things as Meg's portrayal of the Wyf of Bath with a non-existent waistline and buck teeth, and her struggles over the memoir for the *Weather Vane's* calendar. Every summer Marie deserts us for the South where she teaches riflery for Camp Greystone, and a crack shot she is, too. Meg is preparing to be a lab. technician and a long hard struggle it will be. But she will succeed, we know, if she isn't led astray by a certain dark handsome Beau Brummel working for Uncle Sam. Whatever way you choose, Meg, we're with you.

J.J.

Jamie is a tall boy with sparkling brown eyes, a ready smile and a good word for every one. His hair recently suffered a severe shock when he and Charlie got crew cuts. He can always be found either emerging from the furnace room or shooting buckets in the gym. "Jake" is usually a riot to be with, but on occasion he can be very serious. An excellent athlete, J.J. excels in basketball, bowling, badminton, and especially baseball, where he plays first. On a date or at a party he is lots of fun and adds greatly to everyone's good time. J.J. is hard-working and serious. The faculty feels that Jamie has a lot of potential energy, and that he shows a great degree of fairness. Maumee Valley feels the loss of it, as J.J. is at the University in V-1. We all wish him the best of luck, and hope that he'll get along well at T.U.

JOANIE

Joanie Whalen is a tall, *svelte*, good-looking daughter of the Irish. Wide-awake eyes in the morning are a wonderful asset, but Joanie doesn't have them. She wanders about most of the day in a sort of preoccupied fog. (This night life tends to make school ve-eddy dull. Right, Joanie?) But when aroused from these indigo moods, there is no one that is more amusing or enjoyable company than Joanie. (It didn't take a certain Perrysburg wolf long to discover this.)

Of course Joanie (or Buster as she is affectionately called by some people) also has her oddities, among them—size *nine* boots, J.J.'s sweat pants (oh! that figure!) for gym, black satin lounging pajamas, French heeled sandals, and a Lilly Daché hat. Oh, that hat!

We all envy Joanie's ability to sleep almost all through history class every day for nine weeks, never take a book home, and yet, by a pre-exam flurry of work, come out highest in the class on everything. (How much do you deduct for classroom sleeping, Mr. Coryell?)

We all love you, Joanie, and confidentially, I don't think your cottage will be as deserted as you think this summer.

HARRY

This boy wonder, Harry Wieting, is a good-looking, long-fingered individual, who loves the art of the keyboard better than almost anything else he does. Of course he is also one of the many fine athletes in the school, participating in all sports including playing with the dear old stoker! Several girls will certainly be broken-hearted when Tyrone Wieting finally crashes forth from M.V.C.D.S. and of course everybody will miss the cutest Student Council president that we have ever had.

BRY

Bryant Wood has one of those silent, immobile faces. "No expression whatsoever," we thought upon first meeting him, but it wasn't long before we caught that characteristic wicked gleam in his eye and slight quirk on the left side of his mouth. Early in the morning—first hour study, to be exact—is the time when Bry really is on his toes. Usually we're too worn out from the night before to move, but his crazy antics are enough to send a half dead person into hysterics. When Miss Parsons asks why we look so worn out during second hour, he just sits there and smirks indecently.

His story in answer to queries of his life after 7:00 P.M. is, "Oh, I just sit home and read fairy tales," but almost any Saturday night he could be found at the Commodore rhumbaing madly to "Green Eyes." Oh, how that man can rhumba!

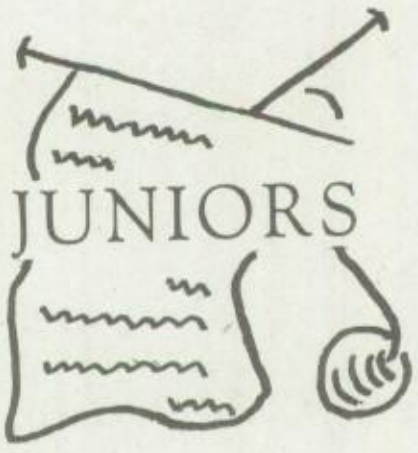
All Bry's summers are spent along the Maine coast and we shouldn't be surprised to see him performing in a summer stock theater up there sometime because he certainly does a wonderful job of acting. He is the only truly talented actor in our class, and I'm afraid our little plays would be sad failures without Bry.

UPPER SCHOOL

Standing: Elizabeth Morris, Mary Hunter Johnston, Marilyn Beidler, Betty Jay.
Seated: Suzanne Stone, Martha Wolfe, Luette Goodbody.
Not in picture: Nancy Wall.

Just Imagine . . .

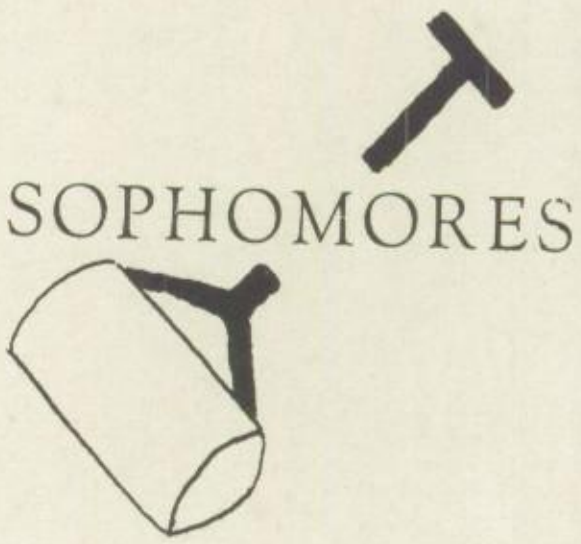
Nancy.....*without bleached hair*
Sue.....*without a date*
Tony.....*without her station-wagon*
Lutie.....*without her laugh*
B.J.....*without her father's shirts*
Martha.....*without her romantic ideas*
Boots.....*without dents in the fender*
Marilyn.....*without an A*



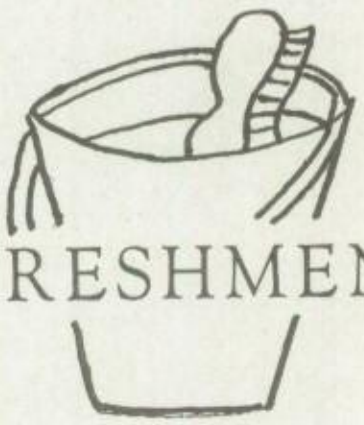
Left to right: Virginia Egger, Clinton Mauk, William Clark, James Hendrickson.

Sophomore Hit Parade

Ginny.....*"All Alone and Lonely"*
Jim.....*"I Had the Craziest Dream"*
Clint.....*"The Man I Love"*
Bill.....*"Why Don't You Do Right?"*



Standing, left to right: **Marian Wieting, Margaret Rose Patterson, Mary Blair Buggie,** Robin Foley, Harriet Levis, Patricia Christy, Charles Johnson.
Seated, left to right: Thomas Adkins, Robert Mauk, Nancy Boeschenstein, Jon Ayers.



FRESHMEN

Freshman Movie Forum

Mary Blair	*Talk of the Town*
Margaret Rose	*The Pied Piper*
Marian	*Woman of the Year*
Teta	*Now, Voyager*
Harriet	*My Favorite Blonde*
Nancy	*Bambi*
Robin*	*Ball of Fire*
Jon	*The Wolf Man*
Tom	*The Magnificent Dope*
Bob	*The Male Animal*
Chuck	*Mr. Wise Guy*

*withdrawn

Standing: James Nordhoff, Francis Spalding, Frederick Buggie, Albert Patterson, Frederick Wolfe.
Seated: Roscoe Betz, Margaret Kinsey, Carol MacNichol, Gloria Prudden, William Ajemian.
Not in picture: Betty Bentley, Eleanor Hollister.

Eighth Grade Funnies

Margaret ..... *Daisie Mae*
Carol ..... *Blondie*
Gloria ..... *Nancy*
Betty ..... *Betty Boop*
Bill ..... *Skeezix*
Sonny ..... *Skippy*
Fred ..... *Terry*
Eleanor ..... *Cookie*
Jim ..... *Chief Wahoo*
Al ..... *Superman*
Francie* ..... *Smilin' Jack*
Fritz ..... *Dagwood*

*withdrawn

EIGHTH GRADE

Standing: Margot Bennett, Peter Hoffman, Duane Stranahan.
Seated: Bobinette Kressmann, Paula Secor, James Morris, Jo Ann Johnson.
Not in picture: Nancy Corbett, Richard Morley, John Kimerer.

Seventh Grade Bookshelf

Jimmie, Pat ..... *Captains Courageous*
Peter ..... *Robin Hood*
Dick ..... *Laughing Boy*
Bobinette ..... *The Little French Girl*
Paula ..... *Drivin' Woman*
Margot, Jo Ann ..... *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*
Nancy ..... *So Big*
John ..... *Tom Sawyer*

On Being Normal

One does not realize how lucky she is to be afflicted by some mysterious ailment or to be distinguished from the common herd by some eccentricity, until she has experienced the monotony of being normal. This thought often comes to my mind especially after I have heard a particularly enticing account of some strange malady which even the best doctors cannot cure. How nice it would be to have easily broken arms and legs, double-jointed fingers and a whole hospital-file of gory operations to talk about. How deliciously horrifying to possess hyper-acidity, hyper-extension, hyper-thyroid. It would be the acme of everything I could desire to have a hyper-pituitary gland. Alas, the delicate invalids who sweetly recline on perfumed pillows all day do not realize how discouraging it is to be dubbed "a doctor's sorrow."

How can one be languidly glamorous without even the faintest trace of a shadow beneath one's eyes? How disappointing it is after reading about a woman whose magnificent character showed in her thin, angular features, to run hopefully to the mirror only to confront a round baby-face. After such an experience, I resolve to starve myself into thin, angular lines, but my appetite is too disgustingly healthy.

Those amusing experiences that witty people are always relating never seem to happen to me. I never leave my shoes in a movie theater and make the ushers go crawling about on their hands and knees under the seats to look for them. Crabs never bite my toes when I swim at the seashore. I never dive into an empty swimming pool. My adventures are commonplace: missing the bus on the coldest day of the year, getting caught in a heavy spring shower in my best wool dress.

I daily read the psychology column in the newspapers to find out whether I have a hidden fear of whales or a mania for crawling around on all fours, but to no avail; I'm normal. I tell myself how delightful it would be to have a repugnance for all food and drink except caviar and champagne, but I love hash.

Oh, why can't I be color-blind, or stutter, or be deaf in one ear? I envy those people with insomnia who have to count sheep at night or read dull books. I fall asleep before I get up to ten sheep and before I finish the first paragraph.

How often have normal people like me read about some man who discovered he had hidden talent for painting scenes of farm life. We sat down and tried to paint a pigsty which unfortunately looked like—a pigsty. The one time I took dancing lessons to see if I had possibilities for becoming a ballerina, I only drove my teacher to a violent state of hysteria.

Why can't I have a secret sorrow? But wait—I have one: I am normal.

—Colette Geary, *Twelfth Grade*

The Robber

A raccoon
Looks cautiously about with his beady black eyes
And dips his paw furtively into the gurgling stream
For a glistening fish,
Like a robber
Stealthily looting a dowager's jewel box.
He then scurries away to gloat over his booty in secret.

Marilyn Beidler, *Eleventh Grade*

Sunday

A pounding, ceaseless throbbing in your head, accompanied by unbearable pain. You turn and groan and suddenly sit up in bed, blink your eyes, struggle for consciousness, and find yourself face to face with another one of those Sunday mornings. You realize that the pounding isn't all in your head. Someone's knocking at the back door. You maneuver your ailing sphere into the pillow, pull the covers over and pretend not to hear (As if someone were watching you!) The knocking continues. You think, "Someone has to answer the door," and then that little red man with horns pokes you in the back and says that that someone is you. Again you sit up, swing your davits onto the floor, stand up and find you are standing on eggshells.

You make an effort to locate the window with that one eye that's mentally propped open with toothpicks. You rush over and thrust your head out, intent on calling down to the intruder that nobody is home, when you meet with a barrier—the screen—and receive the first injury for the day—an indented nose!

Mumbling that you are sick of answering doorbells and phone calls, you don your bathrobe and without slippers stumble down the stairs. Upon opening the door you find a dental advertisement and sarcastically smile back. The milkman goes into great orations about not finding any tickets and that this is war and he can't come back and so on. You cut him short by yawning in his face and take the two quarts of milk he has in his hands.

Your feet are freezing on the cold linoleum. Your next thought is back to bed, but that little man with horns insists that you look out the front door. Before you know why, you pick up the morning paper and find yourself sitting in the living room, rubbing your feet together to keep them warm and reading the funnies.

After an intelligent glance at these great literary pages you head for your bedroom, hoping now to catch a few more grams of sleep, but you meet the dog with his ironic tail wagging and have to cart him downstairs and put him out. You mumble about climbing the stairs again and about why the d--- dog has to sleep in your room at night. (By the time you are comfortable in bed, you have conceded the fact that it was you who wanted the dog in the first place.)

The phone rings just as sleep has about remedied your headache. With violent utterances you bang out of bed, slam your door, pick up the phone in the hall, and bark a hello into the receiver capable of shattering the pyramids. Your father rushes out of his room with a bucket of sand and wonders where the incendiary bomb landed. You do your best to convince him everything is normal, and he finally limps back to his room. Your conversationalist turns out to be a friend who has been absent all summer. He insists on coming right out to see you. You try to stall him off, but in vain.

Rushing through a shower and the processes of dressing in preparation for receiving a guest, you come across only a starched collar and an unreasonable tie. You fumble and fume and finally place the indifferent knot in position. The doorbell rings just as you have glanced into the mirror for a final O.K., and discovered you have forgotten to shave. It's too late now.

You answer the door, feeling like a cave man. Your friend seems very glad to see you. This makes you feel much better. You are both soon in the usual exaggerated conversation, each trying to impress the other what a terrific time he has had this summer. At this point the remainder of the household creep down the stairs, in funeral tempo (hoping to hear a choice bit of scandal before they are noticed). Your father, still grumbling, acknowledges your guest and ushers your mother to the table. "You must have your breakfast," your mother warns.

At the table you grow weak from the sight of scrambled eggs. Your smart friend sits at the table, too, and wisecracks throughout the meal. Your father's glances make you want to crawl under the table. He hates wisecrackers and early morning phone calls.

Post-breakfast church is usually pathetic. (You are not uninterested; it's just that after breakfast uncomfortableness.) This particular Sunday service seems suddenly very interesting. As you wonder why it hasn't been so enjoyable before, your friend savagely elbows you in the ribs and you learn you have been dozing.

After church your friend invites himself for dinner and deprives you of the second joint. (Your father naturally gets the other one.) Bridge follows dinner during which you find concentration lacking. One club is the same as four spades and you occasionally manage to trump your partner's ace.

Late afternoon rolls around and you muse at the idea that your guest will soon be leaving. A thought springs into your friend's mind suddenly—so he says—but you can tell he has been planning. You squirm when he suggests calling a few people up and having them come over. Your mother's warning glance compels you to discourage the plan. It's no use. Your friend is already in the process of dialing a number. When he finishes his arranging, he informs you that there will be four boys and four girls. Your father is stalking revenge. "How chummy," he informs your friend, who is bewildered by the remark.

At five-thirty the "invasion," and you are forced to squeeze the last coke bottle dry. Naturally you have to offer everyone Sunday night pickup. Your mother lays out the barest necessities, but you blunder by saying, "Help yourselves!" They do! (Afterwards your father thanks you with great gusto for leaving him the neck of the turkey.)

At eight, when you are beginning to feel relaxed, that little red man appears again, after several hours of absence, and reminds you of your homework. You drop a few hints and the guests prepare for their usual stalling. At nine the last (your original guest) saunters out. You attempt your homework for an hour but it's useless—you are exhausted. You fall into bed with one last thought. You must remember to do your homework before Sunday the next time.

Yes, you've said that before.

—Bryant Wood, *Twelfth Grade*

"How soon shall we reach it?" asked Jim Frazier, the sportsman and playboy.

His Seminole Indian guide replied in a hushed voice, "We get there in maybe ten minutes, maybe a little more."

There were two canoes in the party, gliding down a river that wound deeply into the treacherous Okefenokee swamp of Georgia. In the first canoe were Jim and his two friends, Michael Whitney and John Newton. Jim at college had been the president of his fraternity and the captain of the football team. For all that, he was serious and very intellectual. For some unknown reason, perhaps something to do with his ancestry, he had wished to go to Georgia and had asked his best friends, Mike and Johnnie, to go with him. Mike, the perfect playboy, big, blonde, good looking, and quite a lady-killer, was going merely for the sport of it. Johnnie, the all-around fellow, was an excellent reporter on the Boston *Globe*. He thought there might be an interesting story in it for him. He cheerfully packed up and went along. Directing them was the Indian, Macquano. In the second canoe was another Indian, taking care of most of the equipment.

Only the dipping paddles and the cries of the flamingoes disturbed the eerie silence. Not a breath of air moved the hanging moss on the cypress trees. Now and then, at the edge of the river, alligators splashed into the water for their dinners. Now and then water snakes moved into the lily pads near their canoe. To turn over in the boat would have been certain death. The Indians paddled carefully around the rotting stumps, which extended like monsters in the semi-darkness up from the stagnant water.

On slipped those two canoes, making two more shadows on the river, on to their weird destination.

"Mike, check your flashlight," said Jim.

"O. K.," he answered.

Jim added, "The Indians seem to be getting nervous. I don't like it at all. There is supposed to be a curse on the place, you know, and it has been uninhabited for about sixty-five years. I was questioning an old man in Trader's Landing, yesterday and he gave me the oddest advice. I asked casually if he knew anything about the old Du Marque place. His face was transfixed. This is exactly what he said to me:

" 'That place belongs to the devil. I'm warning ye, son. Don't go there. There's a curse on that place. I remember seeing Jeff Du Marque, nice young fellow, one of their distant relations, standing here laughing at me when I told him what I'm telling you. He went anyhow, but he ain't never come back. I'm a warning ye, too. Don't go.'

"I remember laughing at him then, but somehow, now it doesn't seem to be so funny."

The two young men became serious. Their friend's word made them cold even in the damp heat of the swamp. Perspiration made them feel clammy and they were constantly slapping at the hordes of mosquitoes that sang around them and bit them. They smoked their cigarettes in silence. The minutes seemed endless.

The guide interrupted their thoughts and said in a strained voice, "We here now."

The river had been growing wider for some time and around the bend loomed an island on which was the Du Marque plantation. It was a silhouette of different shades of black against black. Directly in front of them lay a rotting pier. At this the Indians docked the canoe. The men stepped carefully from the boat, glad to be free from their cramped positions. Jim led the party with John and Mike and the Indians bringing up the rear. The beam

of light from Jim's flashlight was searching the path that led to the plantation house. With long knives they cut their way through the thick undergrowth. Finally it grew thinner and the party stopped to get their breath. In the distance they could see the vague outline of the mysterious house. As they approached, they could see the sagging veranda covered with vines.

Jim sought the front door with his flashlight. It was behind two partially sunken columns, slanting and unstable. They walked up the broken steps onto the veranda. On the rotting wood their footsteps echoed hollowly. On the door Jim read aloud the curse written in red faded paint. "He who enters this door will never leave the swamp alive or in good sense."

With cat-like speed the superstitious Indians fled back down the dark path.

"I guess we'll have to let them go. They will just stay near the canoes and wait for us," said Johnnie. He added, rereading the curse, "Me, a newspaper man lose my mind. That's a laugh."

"Stand aside while I kick in the door," Jim said to Mike, who was peering in a crack with a frightened expression on his face.

Mike said, "Let's go back, Jim. I don't like this."

"Don't be silly," replied Johnnie. "You should be the reporter, not me."

With a hearty crash, the heavy door fell half in, half out. Jim flashed the light around the hall, and up the stairway. They walked in—Jim, Mike, and Johnnie.

John murmured, "Boy! This once was a beauty of a place. Look at the curve of that stairway. The bannister is kind of falling apart though."

"I wonder what is upstairs," whispered Mike.

"Let's finish the first floor before we go up."

They filed into the salon, the dining room, and the living room. All were large and musty. The furniture was covered with cobwebs and was falling apart, too. On they passed to the library door. Jim's hand, as it turned the knob, was trembling. He slowly opened the door. Flashing the light around, he came to a stop on a bloodstained spot in the carpet. To their horror there was a skeleton still clothed, lying beside the desk. On the desk was his will and testament and the last page of a diary yellowed with age.

Picking it up and reading it in a hushed voice, Jim began, "I, Pierre Du Marque, have this unhappy November 13, 1875, been forced to do away with my family. They said that I was mad, but they are wrong. They have just been living by themselves too long. They came to hate me. I watched them curse me with their eyes. Ha! But they are gone. They won't disturb me anymore. I will keep on fighting. The doctor said I was shell-shocked in the war, but he was undoubtedly mad, too. What demon has been stalking this house? I hear it now. I . . . "

Jim stopped. "It is signed in a different handwriting. Look!" Reading over his shoulder, his friends looked on in horror. It said, "I put a curse on the rest of the Du Marques. Goodbye, Pierre Du Marque, you murderer. It was a pleasure killing you."

They wondered who the avenger might be. They put down the diary.

"The answer must lie upstairs," said Jim. "Come on, let's go up."

They retraced their steps through the musty echoing rooms and up the curved stairway. In the master bedroom they found several candles and lighted them. Looking carefully around the elaborate room, their eyes came to rest on the bed. On the pillow was a skull. The rest was under the covers. A cry escaped Mike. "I can't stand this, I'm getting out now." Out he raced down the stairs, laughing crazily. They called after him, but there was no answer. They wandered through several bedrooms and sitting rooms, at last coming into a young lady's room. Over the bed was a painting of a beautiful

young southern belle dressed in silk hoop skirts and lace. Beneath were the remains of the same girl. Johnnie went forward into the room.

"What a story," he murmured, as he opened the drawers to the small writing table. "Maybe this will explain the mystery."

He picked up a letter in faded ink. Shining the light on it, he read to Jim, "My darling, I can not stand much more of this. I must see you, but my father won't allow either Mother or me to leave. I beg you, please come and take me away. I am enclosing a map of the swamp and the position of our island. If you love me, you will come for me. Hurry, please. There is not much more time. Passionately, I remain yours, Cynthia Du Marque."

Jim, who was now peering over his shoulder, said, "This begins to make sense, now. This avenger must have been her lover. When he came to take her with him, he found her dead, murdered by her insane father. He cursed him and the whole family in his grief, killed the father and perhaps himself. I wasn't going to tell you, Johnnie, but this Cynthia was my great-great-great-aunt. Yes, I am a cursed relation of the Du Marque family. I had to find out the mystery of my past. Now, we have found it. It remains to be seen whether the curse will come true or not."

"For Pete's Sake! Don't go dramatic on me. The curse is just nonsense. You've found what you came for. Let's go!"

They slipped out and down the stairs, going more and more swiftly, as if they were being chased by something. Finally they ran unashamed across the veranda and down the broken steps. They were afraid, more afraid than they had ever been in their young lives. Some nameless terror had gripped them. In the dark they tripped over objects on the path. The more athletic Jim soon outdistanced Johnnie. When he had at last reached the pier, he saw to his horror that the Indians and the canoes were gone. Silently he cursed them. But where was Mike, he wondered. Where was Johnnie? He called hoarsely, "Mike! Johnnie!" His cries rose frantically, but there was still no answer. Could Mike have possibly fallen into the river and been drowned or bitten by a poisonous snake? He remembered the crazed laugh with which Mike had darted from that terrible house. Slowly he retraced his route, calling Johnnie as loudly as he could. Where could he have gone? All of a sudden, he heard a terrible scream. He crashed through the underbrush in the direction of the cry. With perspiration running down his forehead and breath coming in gasps, he stumbled on. He pushed aside the branches of a giant fern. There in front of him was Johnnie, stretched on the ground where he had fallen. His face was purple and swollen. From around his neck, a coral band slowly unwrapped itself and slithered away in the tall grass. He rushed to Johnnie's side. He was dead. He screamed for Mike, he cursed. He threw himself on the ground, laughing and crying, hoping that he, too, would be bitten.

Finally his sobs abated. He wearily got to his feet. He made a prayer to God for Johnnie and slowly covered him with underbrush. At his feet Jim placed a cross crudely made from two sticks.

He wandered back to the pier. Looking out over the dark water, he saw Mike's hat floating gently toward the opposite shore. He realized that he was alone, alone in all this endless swamp. He whispered goodbye to Mike.

People would say that he, Mike, and Johnnie had disappeared like Jeff Du Marque. Perhaps this is where he belonged, he thought. He was the last descendant of the Du Marques. An odd peace and contentment flooded his anguished heart. He would defeat the curse. Some day perhaps when he wasn't so tired, he would go back to civilization. He turned in the direction of the house and walked slowly toward it. The dark and sheltering arms of the night reached out and enfolded him.

—Martha Wolfe, *Eleventh Grade*

1. Oh, no!
2. Hi ho, Ottawa Hills
3. Hello, Grosse Pointe
4. The bell rang!
5. Is it possible?
6. Second childhood

7. A little homework? 8. Click! 9. Hang on. 10. Behind the bars again. 11 In the ranks of the enemy.

Incident in Washington

A stocky little man, dressed in somber black, stood on the top step of the Lincoln Memorial and looked across at the Washington Monument, tall and dignified, its point piercing the sky. Then, glancing down, he saw the tall shaft reflected in the pool between the two monuments. He thought of yesterday when he had been to the top of this giant obelisk. From its height, the pool was a lady's pocket mirror. Looking at Jefferson's Memorial, he had had to shake himself before he realized that he was not seeing half of a pared apple instead of the top of a marble dome. He had seen the Potomac silently twisting and turning its way toward the ocean like a giant silver sea serpent. All the imposing buildings that were so large and meant so much when he stood in front of them, seemed to lose their grandeur there. They were just children's playthings to him then. Turning the other way, he had looked down the mall, a veritable bowling green toward the Capitol. He had seen for the first time that Washington was built in a circle with the Capitol as center. It was as if the building were a sun, and every street a ray, sending cheer and good will to all the world: to the east, the conquered countries of Europe; to the south, the Latin American countries; to the north, Canada; and to the west, the United States and besieged points in and beyond the Pacific. The capitol building seemed to signify to him everything that democracy stands for. Although the government of his own country was not a democratic one, nevertheless, he recognized the latter's merits. He could see the White House, the home of the president of this democracy. He had felt saddened when he thought of this man, trying to bring his country safely through the chaos of war.

It was the day before Christmas, and he would have liked to be home, sitting in front of his comforting fire with his family. They would probably be roasting chestnuts—oh, but he had forgotten. This was war, and there was very little time for even the simple things he enjoyed—roasting chestnuts or sitting with his family. Everything was so rushed. And now, it was nearly dark, and soon they would be dashing him off to some important meeting or banquet.

At last he turned and entered the memorial. He stood gazing at the sculpture of Lincoln, trying to imbibe some of the wisdom of the Great Emancipator. He could imagine what a kind, understanding man Lincoln must have been, for even carved there in stone, his face seemed gentle and forgiving, ready to help. "Four score and seven years ago." His thought was interrupted by discordant voices. He looked around and saw that two men had entered.

"I tell ya, Jim, this gas rationing isn't fair. I'll betcha anything the people won't stand for it. I know I won't, I'm tellin' ya. They'll revolt! That's what they'll do. They'll revolt!"

At these words the square little man started forward, but when he heard Jim's reply, he remained unobtrusively in the deepening shadows.

"Bill, I honestly believe you're loony. You know, and I know, and the whole country knows that we're gonna have to make sacrifices in this war. Gas won't be the only thing we'll have to do without. You know darn well gas rationing's necessary or we wouldn't have it."

"Yes, but—"

"This is no time to talk about revolt. We all have to stand together. Look what'd happen if we didn't; old Mr. Adolph would walk in and take over so fast it'd make your head swim. We can take anything but that. Besides, that gas is going where it'll do the most good—to the army. An' what's more, we're gonna have it easy compared to what the people in Europe are goin'

through right now. Think of all those people in the countries Hitler's conquered."

"Well, what's that got to do with us? We're over here, so quit worryin'. Let 'em take care o' themselves."

"They have plenty to do with us. Unofficially, they're our allies as much as England. They're over there fightin' just as hard as we are."

"What d'ya mean, fightin'? They're just sittin' around."

"They're doin' more damage to the Axis than you or me are. Do you think that all those guards *fell* into the canals in Holland and drowned? Who d'ya think told the Commandos when to raid Norway? Certainly not the Nazis themselves!"

"But—"

"No *but's* about it. As for taking care of themselves, can you say that when you see pictures of little Greek children starved to death? How did you feel when the Germans machine-gunned Polish women? An' don't think for a minute all the dirty work's goin' on in Europe. The Japs are as sneaky as they come. Remember Pearl Harbor? An' look what they've been doin' to China for the past four or five years."

"Yeah, I guess you're right after all. I gotta go home an' tell my wife what ya said. So long, Jim."

"So long, Bill."

The man in black emerged from his obscure corner and approached Jim.

"Nice going, Jim," he said. "This world needs more men like you. Good night."

"Good night."

The man put on his bowler hat and left the memorial. On the top step he stopped to light a cigar, and as he looked out over the quiet city, the street lights flickered on one by one, and the capital again took on its busy, bustling look. As he started down the steps, he heard Jim call.

"Good night, sir. And Merry Christmas, Mr. Churchill."

—Marilyn Beidler, *Eleventh Grade*

Ink

I am sleeping. I am also dreaming. To be more specific, I am dreaming a nightmare. Chains bind me to a huge slab of marble. I am completely surrounded by a circle of weird looking little dwarfs with fiendish, gloating faces. Each holds in its hands two giant cans of ink. They advance. They lift their cans. Now the ink pours down, fantastically, completely submerging me. I awake. It was one of those *real* dreams. So I lie on my icy bed and think about ink.

Ink is the meanest useful substance ever created by man. It is wet and messy. It stains and thickens. It is as temperamental as a March wind. In fact, the stuff is almost human. Ink is horrible.

History has been recorded in inky whims. In old historical manuscripts it faded in strategic phrases, thereby denying us much juicy gossip. In later writing, it chose to blot in the most annoying places, changing the appearances of key words which in turn caused them to be translated incorrectly.

Then printing was invented. The situation became even worse. Several hundred thousand copies of the same thing would be printed and distributed, and several hundred thousand people got several hundred thousand different views of the same subject. For instance—the ink might become playful and add a little bump to an "l" changing it to an "h." This would make a

word like "late" become "hate." The thousands of readers would thus have nasty ideas slyly insinuated into their thinking. In my opinion this kind of thing has caused innumerable wars and revolutions.

Now I begin to think of ink in a more personal manner. How many times have I filled my pen to find a short time after, that precisely in the middle of an important business transaction the bothersome substance has evaporated. And the times I've reached into my pocket only to plunge my fingernails into a ghastly mess of leaked ink and flug *. This is most exasperating, and probably has caused many of my heretofore unexplained rages.

Another point comes to me. Ink *only* performs these atrocities at the most inconvenient times. I never discover that my pen is empty when I have decided to fill it. No! Always then it is disgustingly full! And it never becomes erratic (you, no doubt, have experienced its jerky feedings) at the beginning of a letter or a paper. Always at the end, when you have only a moment left, does it write a line an eighth of an inch thick (and just about as high) for three or four words and then just not write at all for a few more words. When time is short, it drives me almost crazy because just as I have decided to refill the pen, the ink will flow out as if it had never stopped.

I tell you ink is diabolical in its methods. I am sitting at my desk. I decide to fill my pen. Casual thought, casual action—you know. But the second I begin, ink has thwarted me. On my carefully written paper is a bottle ring. I trail a path of inkdrips into the bathroom. Half an hour later I emerge, bedraggled and beaten: ink on my face, ink on my hands, ink on my lovely white blouse and the darned stuff on every towel in the bathroom. The wrath of the family is about to descend. Ink will be my downfall yet.

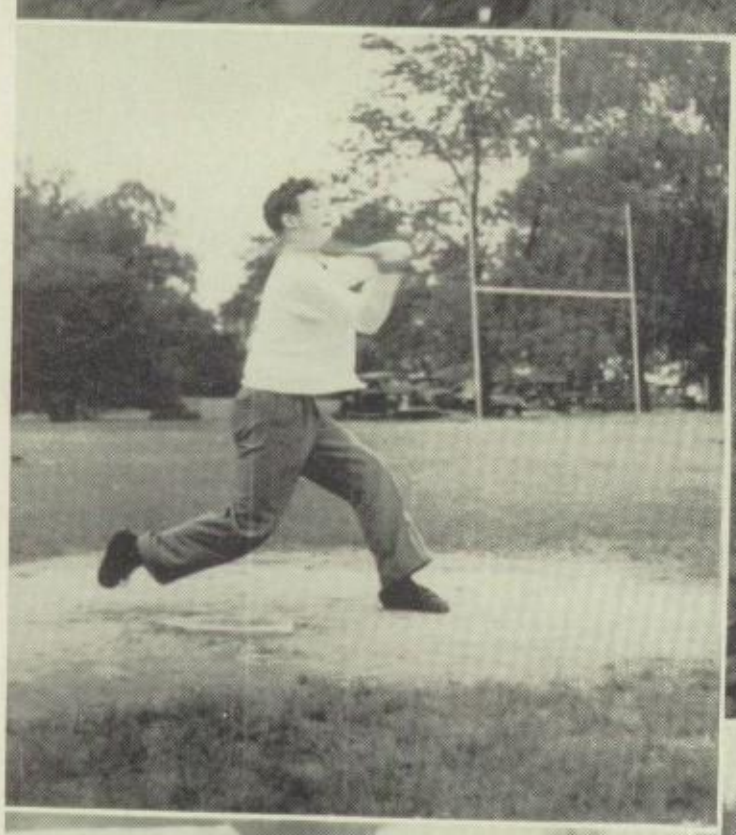
The infernal liquid hasn't quite finished. It still has a few tricks left. Somehow, in a time of great stress, it manages completely to switch bottles —the green ink goes into the blue ink bottle and vice versa. The inks probably do this in order to get together in my pen to hatch more diabolical schemes, but they only create, as far as I'm concerned, a horrible greenish mud-colored liquid, quite unfit for writing.

Ink evaporates or squirts me at will. It forms a blob at the end of my pen which invariably drops on my skirt before I can catch it. It blots on my most important papers and *never* have I been able to wash out "washable ink."

I reiterate, ink is nasty, vicious, scheming stuff and is at the bottom of my pet frustrations. Preserve us from the day "them Gremlins" discover ink!

—Diana Bartley, *Twelfth Grade*

**that accumulation of stuff, junk, and other miscellaneous wee bits of matter in the bottom of everyone's pockets.*



1. A study in fall
2. Chit-chat
3. O.H. girds on its armor
4. East Side, West Side
5. Strike one!
6. Boomps-a-daisy!
7. Camera shy
8. Is it stuck?
9. Say now!

The Alaskan Document

Randolph, the trapper, was a large, hulking sort of man and strong as the Alaskan grizzlies he trapped. He was a self-sufficient bachelor and had lived up in those wilds north of the Yukon for more than twenty years. The documents were the strangest things he had ever laid eyes on, he told me. Since he couldn't read, he was glad to have my company to read them to him. I still have those papers among my most treasured possessions. The originals are now worn and yellowed, and the mysterious, charred sheets still remain as undecipherable as before.

Randolph met him in the winter of 1906. The driving snows were at a peak of frenzy and howling, but when the roar ebbed, Randolph's acute ears picked up another sound—a cry. Maybe a young caribou. He opened the door to the blizzard and stepped forth into the violent swirl of ice and cold. Not far from the cabin he found him, lying face down on the ice; the snow had almost covered him already.

The warm room and coffee soon brought him to his senses and Randolph found, to his amazement, that he was a white man, and very white, very pale, he had thought at the time. The man was quite delirious and evidently very sick, probably from exposure. As soon after the blizzard as possible Randolph had taken him in the sled almost fifty miles to Fairbanks and a doctor. But meanwhile he had extracted from the man's mackinaw those amazing letters. He kept them until I came.

* * *

"Today, the 21st of August, should live long in the minds of men as the date of the invention of the "earthcore vehicle," or so I have named it at present. With this engine, I shall be able to bore my way into the as yet unexplored core of the earth. It is a large, shining cylinder with a special-alloy screw on one end. It stands, completed, outside my study window here, its metal skin gleaming in the Pacific sun; the tall palms throwing a mottled shade on the nearby glade. I have bought this northern Pacific isle from the British. It is quite small and all mine to use as a base. This islet will perhaps be immortalized as the starting point of the first subterranean journey. It must after all be realized that men have seldom journeyed more than a mile beneath the earth's surface and that there are still some 8,000 miles to go. My invention will surely add another dimension and a new frontier to the scope of man's voyage. It must also be realized that most geologists have discarded the theory of the earth's having a molten core. I therefore have few apprehensions on that point. My helpers are now loading on the concentrated food and chemical oxygen-restorers and within an hour the machine will be tilted earthward and I shall board it and travel into the abysmal depths of rock and void in the bowels of the earth.

"The barometer is sinking rapidly, though, and the rigid palms are beginning to sway uneasily. If this be another hurricane, I shall cheat it of its prey. Before it strikes, I shall be miles below the earth's surface. A mere hurricane—ah, how inconsequential to the subterranean traveler. They certainly arise fast here in the Pacific. But now I have entered the cylinder. I hear them pounding the bolts on the door. Clank, clank, then silence. How long I had dreamed for that moment when I should push forward the shiny red knob and disappear like a mole. A lurch and then a continuously oppressive roar. I can feel the power of the screw as it bites deep into the earth.

"I have been here four hours by the chronometer. The heat is oppressive and I cannot touch the metal instruments. I must merely clench my teeth and continue. The whole mechanism is vibrating and I begin to feel the effects of nausea. I have stripped to the waist and still the sweat runs profusely. I am beginning to reel. I don't . . . the heat . . .

"Ah, cool breath of autumn! How good it feels! For some reason the machine has stopped running. The instruments and, indeed, the whole of the front section, are rumpled like an accordian. Suddenly a fear strikes me. Something has obviously gone wrong. How shall I get back? Lost here in the depths of the earth, with the blackness and the solitude, would certainly be the most torturous way to die. But it is cool. Wait, that will be proof that the earth's interior is not molten: it is cool.

"Then, the machine was suddenly turned over. I say 'turned over' because it felt like it. A jerky, sudden motion, as though pushed. Then there were sounds like paint-brushes or something soft and un-rock-like, on the hull. I waited in silence ten minutes, twenty. Something was tugging at the trapdoor. I waited in paralyzed horror. The bolts were being unscrewed. I had no weapons. There would be no need of weapons, I had thought. Thirty minutes had gone by; then came the sound that made a long, cold chill rush up and down my spine. The trapdoor was opened. Then, to my great amazement, light and air rushed in. The trap fell over the edge, leaving me a clear entrance to this mystery, but instead I cringed back into a disordered corner. I must be mad, I thought, maybe dreaming, but no, there it was—a face, white, death white, but vaguely human. I probably shrieked as they entered, four of them. I am not one who often faints, but the touch of those deathly cold, unearthly hands would have been too much for anyone.

"When I regained consciousness, I found myself on a sort of couch in the middle of a large room, the object of curiosity of these people. Presently one of the group, dressed in a garment vaguely like those of the ancient Greeks, approached me and said something which I, at first, did not understand. However it soon came to my very confused mind that the fellows spoke Greek. I understood a little Greek, remnant of my college days, and as well as I could make out, one was beckoning me to come with him. He took me to a luxuriously furnished room, where I was fed some sort of gruel and a cooked vegetable substance which, like everything living, was very white and pale.

"I told him briefly, in my neglected Greek, that I had come from the earth's surface. He was rather astonished but seemed to understand. I then pressed him for an explanation. What was this land, this colony?

"After several hours of painful Greek translations, I was able to piece together this story: The man was the high prince, a direct descendant of Neptune and the royal family of Atlantis. Shortly after the Grecian wars in Atlantis, about 1100 years ago, their scientists picked up signs of the coming cataclysm and began to devise means of escape for the inhabitants to a New Atlantis, on which were the foundations for a new civilization to be laid. They decided on the caves of Marypsos, an island just south of Atlantis, on which were the only known entrances from the subterranean caverns up to earth. They had taken many instruments, equipment, and whole libraries there. They believed that the cataclysm would destroy all civilization. The great scientists and the royal family had been sent there and when the earthquakes began, they had retreated to the deepest sections. The entrances to the earth were caved in by these earthquakes and all hope of returning to the upper earth was abolished then. Since that time their colony of Atlantis had flourished well and it was only through their superior knowledge of science that they were able to sustain themselves without contact with the sun.

* * *

"I have been here in this Atlantis about a week, I imagine, although it may be only three or four days, perhaps two weeks. How can one tell without a chronometer or the sun? These Atlanteans are truly superior creatures. One, who is a linguist, has already learned English by the *tuning*

he can achieve between our two minds. Only a little while ago, he entered my room, smiled, and asked, 'How do you feel, now?' I was amazed. I scarcely knew he was even learning the language, since he actually needed no outward aid from me.

"This room is a high vault of richly decorated stone, and all the furniture is very soft and low, like large cushions, or puff-balls. It is exquisitely comfortable. I am writing on a large, very hard table of some queer phosphorescent material. The lighting is very mysterious. It seems to be just hanging in the air. There is no other way to describe it. There are no lights or fixtures but everything is quite light, just like sunlight and never any shadows.

"I have been out into the main assembly. It is a huge cavern and it is lighted mysteriously like my room, but only in the lower part, so that one cannot see the ceiling. It is probably the Atlanteans' way of expressing their desire to see the upper world again. It looks very much like a starless night sky. I have noticed that they talk out loud only to me. Otherwise all communication between them is by some sort of mental telepathy. Their machines also run by received thought waves. It would seem to be the utmost achievement in the controlling of machinery.

That is the last that was written before the charred part of the document. I believe that several pages of diagrams and explanations of these mechanisms were burned away or lost. Perhaps the Atlanteans did it, perhaps he did, through some qualm of conscience. At any rate perhaps the greatest inventions in the world were destroyed and I hold only their charred remains—discoveries that perhaps will never be again known to us on earth.

"My vehicle has been put into their vast museum and I am doomed to live here for the rest of my days. They will not allow me even to go out without my interpreter, the one who speaks English. One day he came to me to ask whether I wanted to go to see an earthquake. There had been quite an upheaval not far away.

"I stuffed my papers into my pockets (I still wore my terrestrial garments) as I always did for reference and followed my guide. We entered a small metal vehicle just outside the door. It was low and open and had no wheels. By some means unknown to me it was able to rise about a foot above the ground and travel at that height, thus eliminating the friction of wheels. We sped along for probably an hour. Once we crossed a wide steaming crack in the cavern floor which he said had not been there before. These volcanic phenomena were apparently the only uncontrollable factor in their civilization.

"When we stopped to walk, or climb, as it were, over the broken, steaming rock masses, I began to realize the extent of the damage. As far as one could see down the cavern were piles of hissing, steaming rocks and filthy sluggish pools of a mudlike liquid. It was one of the weirdest scenes I have ever encountered.

"I don't to this day know why I did it, but at the time I fear my mind was disordered, upset with mingled fears and contempt for this strange place. Before I had time to contemplate it, I had struck my guide, who was, as were all these Atlanteans, a very frail man, probably because of lack of manual labor and the sun's vitality. I leaped up onto a nearby mass of broken rock into the newly opened crevice in the side of the cavern. I was amazed at the distance of my jump, but I remembered that the gravity there was not as great as on the surface, because of the proximity of the earth's center.

"I fled up the rugged crevice, which became steeper and steeper. All I could think of was the fact that it was leading me nearer and nearer the earth's surface, that beloved land of sky and sunshine where the people are

strong and not anaemically white and fragile. I could hear the angry shouts of the pursuers far behind, and the occasional distant rattle of stones. Rumblings, ominous growls of the earth itself, often came from the sides of my tunnel. Then, most abruptly, I came to the end; a rock wall stared me in the face, jeered at my impulsive break for freedom. I pounded it hysterically with my already bleeding fists. Far in the distance came the pattering of feet, the rolling of stones. Then, as I remember it, came a deep booming, more like a gigantic peel of thunder, and then came that nausea that accompanies falling. Flashes of light and the bruises from violent contact with rock are my only memories. I vaguely remember welcoming a feeling of rising. I was clinging to a huge boulder and it rose, steadily. The heat was almost unbearable and I was extremely delirious, probably often unconscious. Then I vividly remember a breath of cool air from one side. I somehow made my way toward it, off from my large, rising rock. I was aware by then that volcanic lava was following my course up that cavern. I had been riding on the topmost of the rocks that it had been pushing before it. Now, revived by the cool air, I ventured on into the stygian blackness, followed by that ominous sound and heat of rising lava. I clawed at unseen rocks, clamoring up and up, until I fell exhausted from fatigue and delirium on the hard floor and slept, or so I shall call it for lack of a better word.

"When I awoke, it took me a long time to grasp the situation. Snow, light, cold air! Slowly I began to comprehend. I sat in a cavern with light fluffy snow being wafted in on my feet, breathing pure, cold air and not the hot, sulphurous fumes of lava. I stumbled out into the blinding sunlight and rejoiced as I never have before.

"Not three miles away was a towering volcanic peak with lava overpouring its molten contents onto steaming, resisting ice. That, I realized, was my savior, that lava. I have built a fire and now bring to a conclusion my subterranean adventure. I shall presently set out to look for food and for other human beings, surface people."

—James Hendrickson, *Tenth Grade*

Thoughts of a Windy Night

I should love to be standing on the highest hill,
Watching the wind make the branches shake,
Watching the wind ruffle yonder lake,
Feeling the wind whip through my hair.

I should love to be riding the fastest horse,
Hearing the wind make the branches sing,
Hearing the wind make the heavens ring,
Feeling the wind dispel all care.

I should love to be sailing a clipper ship,
Racing the whitecaps over the waves,
Racing the wind to her secret caves,
Feeling the wind bring freedom fair.

—Martha Wolfe, *Eleventh Grade*

"A Bat Out of Hell"

Twisting, turning,
Wheeling, swerving,
Like a death-stricken snake it writhes.

Stopping, starting,
Slowing, spurting
Man-made Hell—a Goliath it defies!

Four wheels of madness..
Skidding, skimming,
Whirling, screeching,
Speeding, churning,
Shooting lead,
Spitting lead,
Stopping lead FAST!

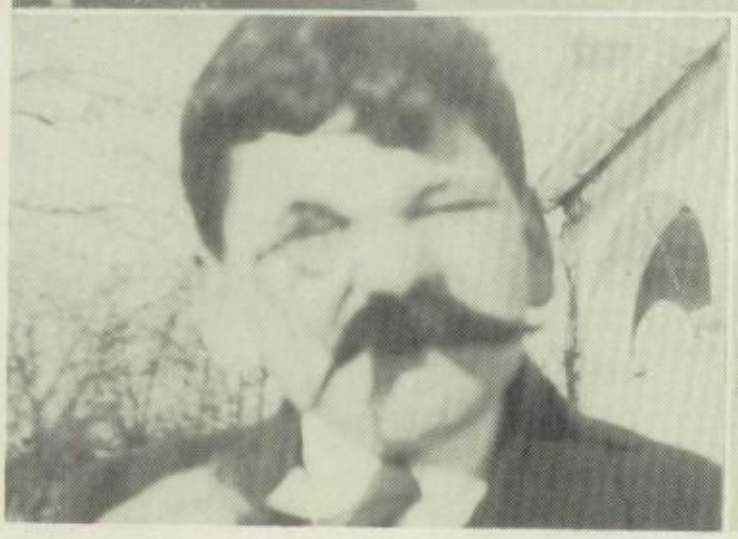
Floating, gliding,
Soaring, sidling,
Advancing, scouting,
Patrolling like mad,
Hunting out,
Searching out,
Stamping out men—

Feeling out,
Pushing out,
Gouging out men.

Darting and stinging like a mosquito,
Loaded with poison and lusting for blood;
Diving and dodging like a cornered pack-rat;
Snorting and blowing like a dart-tortured bull,
Spitting smoke and bleeding sweat,
It fights!

Butchering,
Murdering,
And wiping out MEN!!

—Clinton Mauk, *Tenth Grade*



1. You and Atlas
2. Eat this
3. Watch out below!
4. You Sonja Henies?
5. Puzzle: Find the snowballs
6. Taste good?
7. I say, old chap
8. Let 'em fly!

The Big Race

There was one sunny Sunday in late July which I shall always remember and which, I imagine, the rest of the comet sailors will remember, too. That was the day when my cousin, whom I shall call Bob for several reasons—but first let me explain to you why this race was so important.

Bob and my brother, Gary, had sailed since they were children. First they and some other boys bought some small sailing dinghies. They learned the many tricks of sailing from books they got from the Library, from each other, and from the best teacher of all, experience. Because they took great pride in their boats, they cared for them zealously. For months each spring and fall Gary and Bob stayed in the boathouse almost all the time, sanding, caulking, and repainting their boats, much to the disgust of the laundress, whose business it was to keep their clothes clean. Both of them literally lived sailing. They went to sleep thinking about what tack was best under such and such a condition. In their school books were little drawings, illustrating the rules of the road.

When they grew up, they finally bought a bigger craft, a comet. Together with many boyhood chums they formed the M.R.C.C.Y.R.A. or Maumee River Comet Class Yacht Racing Association. That was when a certain Mr. Kirby, an older man, joined their ranks as a sailor. Every Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday the members of the club held races. From the start it was easy to see that Bob, Mr. Kirby, and Gary were the three best sailors, for they always captured the three top prizes. Together they went to Put-in Bay each year and won the comet cup.

In 1939 Mr. Kirby bought an oxford. An oxford is a comet which has a hollow mast and is in other ways faster than other boats of its class. Mr. Kirby naturally began winning more races. In fact Bob never beat him until —but wait, that will come later. My brother Gary did beat Mr. Kirby about fifty per cent of the time, for he had a new boat which was swift, although not quite as swift as an oxford. Also, although I hate to brag, Gary was a better sailor than Mr. Kirby or Bob, for he took his sailing more seriously and made better and quicker decisions. Bob became very discouraged. He would have been a better sailor if he had not had, shall we say, moments of carelessness. Sometimes he placed as low as fifth. Once even I beat him, and I admit that when I did not come in last or tip over, the other club members were much surprised. Bob definitely had become lax in his methods of sailing. Now it was just Mr. Kirby and Gary who went to Put-in Bay and to the comet nationals. When Gary got an oxford, too, Bob really dropped behind.

This spring the draft caught my brother. Realizing that I wanted a sailboat badly, he put the *Wimpy*, his boat, in the barn so that I could not use it. Before he left, Bob promised that he would beat Mr. Kirby for Gary. This summer he certainly tried. He got out his old books on sailing and practised hard. However, through June and the first of July Mr. Kirby remained unbeaten. Some of the sport was gone from the races, because Mr. Kirby, in the *Rhythm* won every one. Once Bob came very close to winning, but that oxford picked up speed so much faster than any of us, only another oxford could beat her.

One night I got a telephone call from Bob. He said, "Get the sail off the *Wimpy* and bring it down to the barn. I've bought her!" I certainly sped down that drive. Just as I had gathered all the equipment together, Bob drove up. He was absolutely beaming! That night the *Wimpy* was put back into the water. By that Saturday she was all ready to go out. But worse luck, Mr. Kirby was away on business and would not be back until the following Sunday. When Bob pushed off from the dock, we all stopped whatever we

were doing, and watched. Her white sails filled with wind and her graceful prow cut through the waters. Anyone who has been around boats could have seen that she was handling beautifully. She tore along without any seeming effort. She came about in a split second. She seemed glad to be sailing again.

That race was a walk away for Bob. Although I finished fourth, I had just rounded the second mark when he crossed the finish line. He was happy as we all congratulated him, but he was really waiting for the following Sunday when Mr. Kirby would be there.

Next Sunday there was a good breeze, as steady as they come on the Maumee River. Neither Bob nor Mr. Kirby said much. Each quickly, but carefully prepared his boat. The rest of us did not pay much attention to our own sailing that day. We just sat back and watched those oxfords fight. Bob got to windward of Mr. Kirby at first, so he headed Mr. Kirby way off. Both boats were far off between the islands before they came close to shore and Mr. Kirby claimed shore room. That race was one of the closest I have seen. Now the two had equal boats, and only good sailing would tell. Around the last mark Bob tried an old trick. He crept right around the buoy inside of Mr. Kirby's *Rhythm*. The *Rhythm* was pointing so high, that her sails flapped for a fraction of a second. That was enough for the *Wimpy*. She crossed the finish line first. We all yelled, "Hooray!" and went in without finishing. Now that Mr. Kirby had been beaten, he was much more popular than before and we congratulated him too.

I wouldn't tell this to a soul, but as I passed Bob on the dock, there were tears in his eyes.

—Luette Goodbody, *Eleventh Grade*

When?

Is there a war going on? Well, a war that I see in pictures. A war that puts my friends in good looking uniforms. Oh yes, there is a rationing of tires and sugar, too. But that is not very important. It will not last.

I see a few wives and mothers whose husbands and sons have gone across, but they are the rare minority. It affects me very little.

I read a headline last week which said, "The Reds Still Hold Stalingrad." I wonder whether they do now. I don't know. It does not worry me. Why should it? Stalingrad is in Russia. A few nights ago, I saw a movie called *The Battle of Midway*. It pictured very clearly what had happened on that island—the dead, the wounded, the destroyed. But that was just a movie.

At this moment, I hear the radio in the next room. It is turned on to the voice of a man high in our government, a man who is saying, "Wake up America. There is a war going on. A war very near to us. It is a grave crisis in our history." But why should I worry?

I have been reading several magazines in the past two weeks. In them are stories written by war correspondents and former prisoners of Japan and Germany. But they are merely men and women who are trying to get their names in print. Why should I worry?

I was in church today. The sermon dealt with the upheaval that is spreading throughout the present world. I have heard it discussed by some men who claim to be thinkers, that the world is coming to an end. Tommy-rot. That is rather far-fetched, so I shall not worry about it. My life is unchanged. I still over-eat. I still have enough clothing, and I am not cold. The factories in our town are all doing defense work, and there is much confusion. Many men are driving themselves night and day to help turn out materials for our fighting forces, but I shall not worry. I am still in school. The war does not touch me. When shall I wake up?

—Phyllis Gould, *Twelfth Grade*

Did She Understand?

State Prison Hospital
Little Rock, Arkansas
Feb. 1, 1939

My darling,

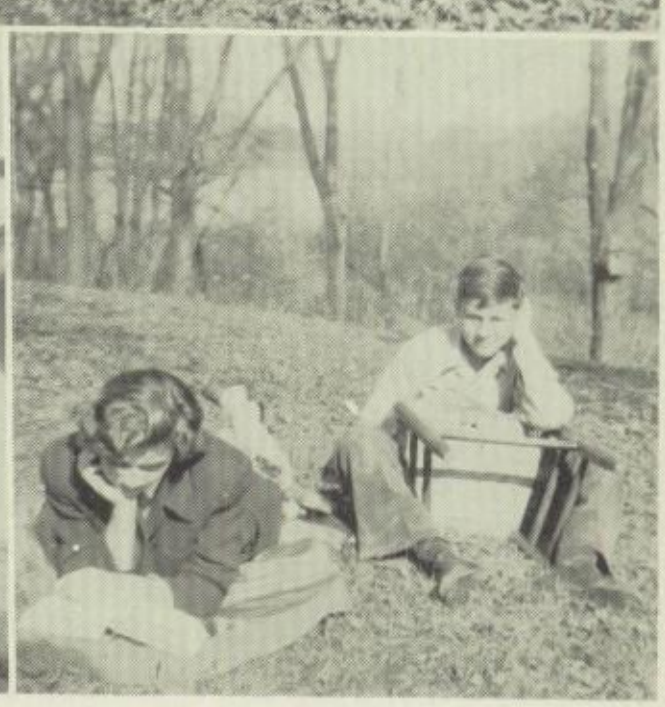
They are coming after me pretty soon and I just had to tell someone my story. No one else would listen, but I'm glad I found you. After I finish my story, you will be rather surprised that they are coming to take me away, because I'm really quite all right. They just don't understand me as you do. I had to explain to someone or I think I should have gone completely mad.

You remember when I moved into Pocahontas Park. I felt very lonely until the woman next door came over and wanted to know if there were anything she could do. I asked her whether she would introduce me to some of my other neighbors. She heartily agreed, and I suggested that she invite her friends to an informal dinner at my house that evening.

It was a lovely evening and everyone seemed to be enjoying himself. But as the hours crept on, a young gentleman, Mr. T. J. Williams, began forcing his attentions on Mrs. Borrick, widow of Captain B. L. Borrick, killed in the first World War. This act didn't seem to register in my mind at the time. I decided to be sociable with my other charming guests. They were Dr. and Mrs. Wordsward, of the famous Wordsward estate. The doctor's ancestors had all been in the medical profession and it was believed that their skill was inherited, but in reality Dr. Wordsward was a failure. The only thing the Wordswards had to talk about was their estate, and even that was mortgaged. Miss Alice de Smet and her fiancé were to be married June tenth. They were a delightful couple, though I believe Miss de Smet was marrying Mr. D. W. Arnsnoff for his money, not for his looks or his dear way of calling her "itty bitty snookums" as she claimed. The Count and Countess Coldwater seemed happy enough. They seemed so until they thought no one was listening, then they would have their disgusting little disagreements, and the countess accused the count of dissipation.

So you see, my dear, what kind of neighborhood I was to spend the rest of my miserable life in. But I didn't have to stay there long, no sirree, not the great Dixon B. Snoozer. I found a way out, as you will see further on in my last letter to you. I do hope you'll understand.

Months seemed to fly after my dinner and we had very pleasant times together. Little by little I realized that I was becoming very fond of Mrs. Borrick. I came to the point at which I resented Mr. T. J. Williams' presence. But after I became intimate with these great celebrities, my life seemed to slip away with the hours and I began to suffer physically. I went to see Dr. Wordsward, and he told me I had only a few more months to live. I decided to have a great deal of fun, but couldn't understand why my heart was growing very weak, when before I had met all these queer people, I had been in A-1 condition. The hours of my night life grew until I was sleeping only about six hours every day. It was really fun. I would come in at five in the morning and go to bed. I would get up at eleven, still in the morning and go tripping gaily over to Mrs. Borrick's house. By this time I was really and truly in love with her. I hope you'll understand, dear. From there we would call on the others and go horseback riding or swimming and dancing. Please don't be angry with me for this, my darling, but a week after I knew I didn't have very long to live, I asked Mrs. Borrick to marry me. She said she'd have to think it over. The next day she showed me her ring and told me that she had become engaged to Mr. T. J. Williams. I was deeply shocked, but I decided to put Mrs. Borrick and Mr. T. J. Williams completely out of



1. You again?
2. Direct hit!
3. Those freshies!
4. College cuties
5. The *Thinker*
6. Mutt and Jeff
7. Free for all
8. Free period
9. More freshies!
10. Fall fever

my mind. This I did with the aid of a gun. Oh, I realize, now, that it was a silly thing to do, but I was so madly insane with love and I did want my last few months to be pleasant ones.

After that episode, Dr. Wordsward took me to a very peaceful, beautiful home. I met many others there who seemed to have the same trouble I had. We told our troubles over and over to each other, day after day. Thus we amused ourselves.

I realized that I would have to face an electric chair and I was glad that I had only a few more days to live, according to Dr. Wordsward. Dr. Wordsward asked a psychiatrist to see me. He said that I could be cured in a week, that I was not a bad case. In two weeks I was to die.

That week of regaining my sanity went very fast. I didn't want to be cured because I knew I would have to go to the electric chair.

Well, my dear, it is a week and a half after I started this letter. I am in my right senses now, and had to read and reread this letter to recall what happened. I wasn't allowed to know anything that week.

I can hear their footsteps coming down the corridor now, coming to get me, Dixon B. Snoozer, the guy who knew how to get out of everything. Well, I still have one more trick up my sleeve.

Farewell, my loved one. Dr. Wordsward wasn't wrong after all.

FEB. 10, 1939

P.S. I found this letter with your address and am sending it to you. Dixon B. Snoozer was hopelessly insane and has been for two years. The people he told you about were completely imaginary. I am sorry to inform you that Mr. D. B. Snoozer took poison last week.

LLOYD L. STANDARD
Intern at the
State Prison Hospital
Little Rock, Arkansas

—Margaret Rose Patterson, *Ninth Grade*

Night Raid

It was midnight at a small bomber base somewhere in England. A refueling truck had stopped at the side of a Sterling bomber. The five men that made the crew walked casually out to it. The pilot, a big, husky fellow, was chewing a cigar butt with much vigor, but he did not seem nervous or angry. Soon the truck pulled away from the plane, a green light showed from the control tower, the blocks were pulled from under the wheels, and the plane roared off the runway and into the sky.

Low over the picturesque English countryside, now hidden by the veil of night, they zoomed. Over the Channel to the French coast, but they did not bomb Calais; they did not bomb Rheims. They kept right on going till they came to a large innocent looking field. There they dropped one four thousand pound bomb.

Immediately the field was alive with men and fire trucks, trying to put out the flames. For this was a large ammunition dump. Fighters took off from a neighboring airport, and anti-aircraft opened up from the neighboring woods.

The plane quickly sped back to England with the German fighters in hot pursuit, but when they came to the Channel, they decided to turn back. Finally the bomber landed at its home base with the rear gunner dead, and the whole plane riddled with shrapnel and bullet holes, but its mission completed.

—Richard Morley, *Seventh Grade*

Hop, Shuffle, Kick

Saturday after Saturday and all winter long—it was the same routine. In our childish excitement over the coming day, we were the first to pull Mother out of bed. Then hopping up and down with the cold, we would scramble into our clothes and scurry down to breakfast. We didn't want to eat; we were too excited. However, we managed to down our oatmeal, milk, and toast piled high with strawberry jam. Then would come those endless struggles with leggings, boots, coats, mittens, and high pointed hoods. (The last were greatly detested and everyday was a treasure hunt for our mother.)

Skidding and slipping on the icy roads, we would crawl into Toledo, reaching the building just in time. Then the hardwork would begin for the three of us. One, two, three, four, five—hop shuffle—kick—east side, west side, all around the town. It would go on for hours. We would feel especially important, listening to the remarks of the mothers, who sat watching their young offspring. Yes, we were sure that some day in the future our names would be in great ten feet lights all over the country side.

Rushing down the spiral staircase with a click, click, click, we would once again go through the complicated process of getting into out-door things. Our day's work was over, but all through the week the playroom floor would suffer from our tapping feet.

Could anything be more wonderful? For soon our mothers and fathers would have to sit through our wonderful tap-dancing show. It was a story of a toy shop. At night the toys would come to life—we three were Jacks-in-the-box. It was loads of fun, we thought, to sit crouched in our brightly colored boxes and wait till the signal—to spring up like a real toy and start our dance. For days we talked of nothing else and excitement filled the air. This would be our chance for great success. Days of practice followed and the great day came nearer. One Saturday we went through the ordeal of tape measures.

The costumes were our pride and joy. Everyday we would try them on "just to make sure they were all right." For the last time, we stood in front of the mirror admiring the short, full skirts of bright yellow and the little frilly bonnets that tied under our chins with large yellow bows. We choked down our food—our hearts were beating fast and we felt all hot and shaky, but our minds were far away in that wondrous land with the gay dancing doll and the funny stiff wooden soldiers.

But that long-looked-forward-to hour did not arrive. Our tap dancing career ended abruptly with the single r-i-n-g of the doorbell. For the doctor said it was measles.

—Betty Jay, *Eleventh Grade*

The Romance of a Snow-man

"Oh, feel that icy breeze! Very stimulating indeed!" said an unusual young snow-man. He had begun talking to himself as all the young children had gone, and anyhow a snow-man should philosophize. He was happy for several reasons. The main reason was that the snow-woman next door was a very beautiful young snow-woman. The minor reason was that the weather was so nice—ten degrees below zero, which, he thought, was just comfortable.

"Look at those silly people holding their hats and looking so cold. They have no sense liking the warm breezes from the South."

Well that's enough philosophizing about the minor reason. Let's discuss the major reason. "My, she's healthy and buxom-looking!" He stared at her quite obviously and she threw him a glance that fairly dripped with icicles. But that didn't stop the bold snow-man from winking flirtatiously at her.

"You looked so lovely in your snow-suit that I couldn't help winking."

At that she melted, figuratively of course, and said shyly, "Oh, I really don't mind."

Then blossomed a beautiful friendship. The only drawback was that since the thoughtless creators had forgotten to make feet, all they could do was to whisper sweet nothings to each other.

One morning the snow-man wakened earlier than usual. He immediately felt that something was wrong. He felt depressed and uncomfortable and totally unlike his usual dapper self. Suddenly he realized that it was thawing. Oh what a catastrophe! A sense of impending doom made two black tears trickle down his cheeks from his coal eyes.

"Oh dear," he sighed, "my love's beautiful figure has quite changed." The morning went slowly by and the snow-man and his love gazed at each other in agony, as it is not pleasant to melt away. Finally they were unrecognizable lumps of snow, but their spirits rose up and were happy together in snow heaven.

—Mary Blair Buggie, *Ninth Grade*

My Big Mistake

The following are excerpts from the diary of a German youth:

January 21, 1934: My birthday! Today I am 17. Last year at this time we were poverty-stricken, but now the Fuhrer has taken care of that. My father has a job in the government. Hitler will save Germany! Heil Hitler!

November 3, 1935: Two weeks ago I heard of the great opportunities which the new army affords. I have heard that one can be a well trained corporal in three months. Yesterday I went to the recruiting office where I signed up. I am to leave for training camp at the first of the new year. Heil Hitler!

June 1, 1936: It is now Sergeant Muller, not Corporal. The stories that I heard about quick promotion were not false. The pay is high and the work easy. I have four hours' guard duty out of every twenty-four. The rest of the time I am free to come and go. The Fuhrer's army is now the strongest in the world. I do not know surely but I understand that the navy is enlarging rapidly. Heil Hitler!

March 17, 1937: The army grows swiftly. More and more "green" recruits are coming in. I am now a first sergeant. Hitler is surely a savior. Heil Hitler!

December 18, 1937: I am in officers' school. My ober-lieutenant took a liking to me and has recommended me. Soon I shall be an efficient officer for Hitler. What could be a better way to serve Him? Heil Hitler!

July 29, 1938: I have been a lieutenant for almost two months. The number of troops increases daily. They aren't perhaps as efficient as I was when I was in the ranks, but they are willing to give their lives for the Fuhrer. Heil Hitler!

August 14, 1939: I am with troops massed on the Polish border. The rumor is being passed that we attack soon. Tomorrow would not be too soon for me. Heil Hitler!

October 31, 1939: We have invaded Poland. Many have been killed; many Poles have suffered. I have been thinking. Is all this necessary? Why does it go on? Why should we kill innocent Poles? Will this be the first battle among many? Is Hitler the man to lead Germany? I think now that he is not. I do not believe in innocent killings. That is what Hitler inspires. Down with Hitler! May all the devils chase him when he dies! May England and France stamp him out forthwith! Never again will my lips utter, "Heil Hitler."

Lieutenant Muller of the army of the Reichstag was killed the next day by a Polish sniper.

—Francis Spalding, *Eighth Grade*

Commando Training and Me

Puff! Puff! Me a commando! That's a hot one. With my flat feet and drape shape they wouldn't let me near an army camp. But no, every day I'm dragged out of doors and made to run over the countryside. They're trying to mold me into a Tarzan, acrobat, ground mole, and marathon-runner in one. Are they kidding? Oh, oh! Here's where I play Tarzan.

A thick rope was suspended from the limb of a tree. The idea was to grab the rope and swing on it from one side of the creek to the other. I never got the idea. But I gritted my teeth, closed my eyes, and swung. Well, I thought, as I trotted on to my next objective, I didn't do so badly that time—only one foot wet. At this rate I'll be able to make it some time next month.

My next objective was an eight foot wall that I was supposed to scale. Some of the guys who couldn't make it (I was in this category) received help from others, but I always arrived after every one else had passed, or if I did get there on time, nobody volunteered to boost me over. They felt it taxed their strength too much. Because of these difficulties, I usually resorted to foul play; that is, sneaking around the edge of the wall when no one is looking or grabbing someone when he is nearly over and threatening to pull him down if he doesn't give a little aid. This time I used the latter method.

I'm making pretty good time, I thought, as I came within sight of the end. But the sight of the end brought no relief. I didn't mind the Tarzan business; I always like water and the wall didn't trouble me too much, but crawling under the obstacles which were supposed to represent barbed wire was the limit. It was humiliating. In the first place I am not adept at crawling, and in the second place I'm too wide. Everybody—even those who had finished ten minutes before, awaited my coming. But this time I resolved not to get stuck in the middle or to get in some of the other predicaments which I will not state here. To everybody's amazement I fairly flew under the obstacles.

Then the instructor came up and said, "Congratulations, Fatso. That's record time for you! For this I'll promote you to our more difficult course."

I groaned and felt weak, but managed a smile.

—Tom Adkins, *Ninth Grade*

My Migraine Ad-ache

I hadn't felt very well that morning, so when Mother told me the very wonderful news that I was an invalid and had to stay home, I let out a joyous war-whoop and finished my breakfast like a race-horse. Mother said a *pig,* but then— All day long I listened to the radio and at ten-thirty when I turned off my light, I was so full of radio that things danced through my head, most definitely not sugar plums, but instead a group of "wife-savers," everything from a potato-peeler to and including the kitchen sink. The most famous were: Spry and Chipso, Duz and Oxydol, Ivory Snow and Crisco, Alka Seltzer and Bon Ami.

Suddenly they opened their mouths. "Ah," I thought, "they are letting each other know the things they have done and the wonders performed." But no, out came an operatic solo from Duz extolling her virtues, a jingle set to music by Crisco, and a gargling effect from Alka Seltzer.

All of a sudden there befell a strange silence. I thought, "Peace and quiet at last," but no, into the room came a royal looking group. Preceding them was a Whiz Bar, dressed in a chocolate brown page's suit, blowing on a trumpet saying, "Whizzz, best nickel candy bar there izzzz." Following him came King Ivory and Queen Camay. The King wore a blue suit with per cent signs all over it, and Queen Camay was in a low-necked, backless evening gown of white with a hint of her velvet green skin peeping underneath. (King Ivory was so embarrased that he turned white.)

Suddenly a dark cloud overshadowed the room. Looking up, the products ran helter-skelter over the ballroom. Down from the angry skies came two tremendous hands, red from dishwashing with Ivory and burned from Crisco's flying grease. Two by two they took the wife-savers up and up into the sky, my body magically following them. The hands tore off King Ivory's cloak and put him into the dishpan. Tearing off Queen Camay's dress (thank heavens the King was under water, so could not witness such desecration!), they gave the Queen to a girl with dirty hands with orders to wash. They gave Prince Whiz to a cherubic-looking boy with sticky fingers. With their rulers captured, the subjects gave up without a fuss. The washwoman spied me and the hands descended. Closer and closer they came, closer, clo . . .

"7:30," came the cheery call of Orra, the maid, telling me another day of radio was ahead of me.

—Betty Bentley, *Eighth Grade*

Imagination

He lay flat on the marshy, insect-infested ground. The sun gleamed on the icy steel of his rifle. Beads of perspiration stood out all over his muddy, tired face and trickled annoyingly down his neck. Once he heard the piercing call, like that of a parakeet. He rose painfully on one elbow and tried to make his lips come apart to whistle. It was only agony; his thirst-cracked lips would yield no sound. He shifted his pack and sank back into the cooling muck.

His shoulders throbbed acutely. The waves of heat were sweltering and dry. His head began to swim and he saw an advancing army coming from between the trees. "Americans, Yanks!" He swayed dizzily to his feet and lurched unsteadily toward them, but they disappeared in another wave of heat. Sighing, he put his head in his hands and swayed deliriously back and forth. "Imagination," he muttered thickly, "imagination." Slowly he let his head drop and drifted into black unconsciousness.

When he awoke, it was dark, the moon had not yet risen, not a star was in sight. Out of the blackness shapes took form. "Animals," he said, "but,

1. Horrors!
2. Time out
3. "Drink to me only—"
4. Drape shape
5. Supermen
6. Kickoff!
7. The "Wolf"
8. "Jerky Juniors"
9. The *Highwayman*
10. Love me, honey?

funny, that one looks like Mom, and there's Dad and Sis and the girl next door." Close behind them came figures much like monkeys in appearance. His smile faded. "When did I think up Japs? Get going you shadows!" The Japs remained.

"Amerlicun, Yonkee!" one screamed.

These were not merely figures of imagination; they were real! He groped for his gun and as his fingers met the cold metal, he smiled grimly. The moon was rising over the hilltops. He fired. Without a sound the figure slumped to the ground. He took careful aim again. He could not afford to miss. Another charging figure hit the earth, another and another. Suddenly a tall figure loomed behind him. Wearily he turned, ready to fire his last shell. However he stopped in awe as hovering near him was an exact, if shadowy replica of Uncle Sam. A protective arm was thrown about his shoulder, a firm voice spoke out of the darkness. It echoed through the jungle. "PE-weeet pe-weet weet weet." The clear shrill cry of the parakeet. Then the voice ceased and the night lizard's *gleck-gleck* was the only sound.

He sat upright gazing stupidly at the spot where his protector had stood. NO one was there. The spot was devoid of telltale footprints. "Imagination!" he cried.

Through the palms came the answering call of the parakeet. Then footsteps crashed through the underbrush.

"Hey, why in heck didn't ya call me before ef ya wuz wounded?

"Gees, look at them Japs; you ought to get a medal or somepin'!"

"Listen, Jerry," he whispered, "can ya get me to a hospital?"

"Sure ting, kid," Jerry gazed admiringly at him. "Say, how did ya ever whistle? Your lips are cracked up pretty bad!"

He smiled wanly. "I guess Uncle Sam did that!"

"Huh? Oh a joke, ha, ha!"

"Well, maybe," he said.

—Gloria Prudden, *Eighth Grade*

An Unsung Hero

Bob Gordon was a rear gunner for the Army Air Corps. He was liked by his fellow men for his gallantry while fighting. Many a time he had gone up to fight in the air. But one day he went up never to come down again. I will tell you about it.

It was Monday and Bob was eating in the mess hall. One of his friends had asked, "When is your next time up, Bob?"

"I don't know, but I certainly hope it is soon," he replied.

"He probably wants to get a crack at a Jap," said another friend.

Just then Bob's commanding officer came in.

"Your time up!" he said.

"Me!" cried Bob, jumping up. "I - I mean yes, sir. Thank you, sir." and as Bob said this, he saluted his commander, smiled at his friends, and went to get ready.

As Bob was just going to climb into the plane, his buddy raced up and said, "I just wanted to wish you good luck."

"Thanks, but I have to be going now," said Bob as he climbed into the plane. In about five minutes they were in the air and Bob was all excited.

Soon after, they saw some Jap planes. Bob manned his gun, aimed, and fired. A Jap plane spouting smoke fell, never to rise again. Bob hit about five more planes when he was wounded. When he knew he was about done for, he got a bead on another ship. Using his last ounce of strength, he aimed and fired. He saw the plane go down. Smiling to himself, he tried to pull himself up, but fell to the floor of the plane dead—a true unsung hero.

—Jo Ann Johnson, *Seventh Grade*

I Fixed It

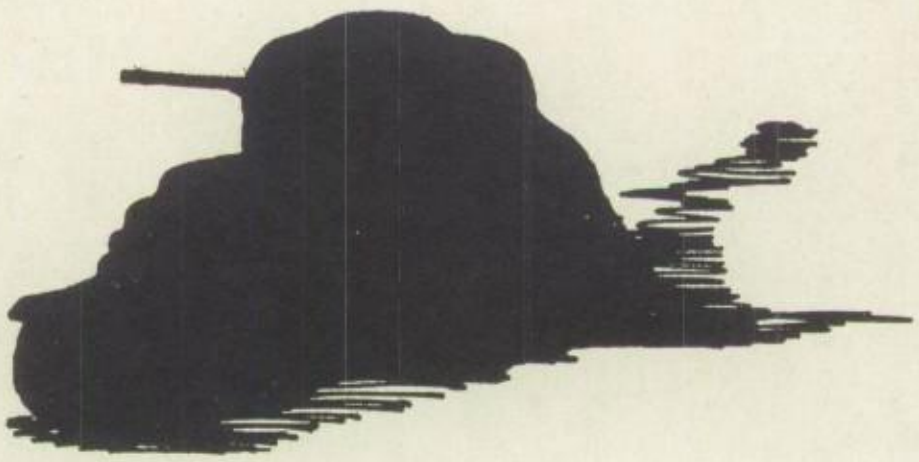
I was perfectly happy with my job, and getting good pay too, and then Hitler came along. I was required to take a motor-mechanics course because I had to learn how to take a motor apart and put it together again. The reason for this was that the boss had appointed me the factory ambulance driver. All big factories like us had to have a special medical corps in case of emergency.

I was informed that the classes commenced Monday morning at 10:30. I got there promptly. I listened carefully of course but there must have been something I didn't understand or something I got mixed up in. I attended faithfully for five weeks. At the end of that time I felt like an authority on engines. Four days later the windshield wiper I found completely out of commission. I decided to strut my stuff, so I rolled up my sleeves, pushed up the hood, and began work. I must have worked on that ambulance for two hours. At any rate, when I finished, I got in to drive back to the factory, feeling confident, of course, that the wipers would work.

I stepped on the starter and, much to my surprise, the heater went on. I said to myself, "This will never do." I pushed the handle down on the door to get out and fix it. No sooner had I touched the handle than the motor roared. It was the accelerator and starter combined. After I fussed with the instruments in the car for a while, I decided that I must have gotten some wires mixed. The gearshift steered the car much like a plane. When I turned on the lights, the clutch was thrown in; when I put on the brake, the lights inside the ambulance went on, and the bed was automatically changed; and when I put on the emergency brake, the window rolled up.

The next day the boss got mad at me and was on the point of firing me until I reminded him that I was the only one who could drive the ambulance. He replied that others could certainly learn. My retort was, "Not that ambulance, Brother, not that ambulance!" . . . And oh, yes! When I pull the choke, the horn blows.

—Frederick Buggie, *Eighth Grade*



MR. STORK'S DAY

8:00 Mumbles answers to wife's question from behind the morning newspaper.

8:05 Starts his car carefully to save gas for Sunday's big game of the City Slickers and River Rats.

8:35 Picks up the Orns children.

8:55 Bump!! the left rear tire gives out.

9:15 Wipes his greasy hands on his handkerchief and regards the changed tire with relief.

9:30 Pulls into school yard.

9:32 Writes out "Late" passes for the Orns children.

10:00 Brings study hall to order.

10:01 Starts to make out report cards.

10:05 Helps Lynne Morris find the right volume of the encyclopedia.

10:06 Begins report cards.

10:15 Quiets Sue and Betty Dee, who are giggling on the couch.

10:16 Reports again.

10:25 Frowns over a tough algebra problem Mary Blair has brought over.

10:30 Tells Mary Blair she ought not to get outside help on homework.

10:31 Reports once more.

10:45 Gathers up unfinished reports and goes to his 8th grade English class.

11:00 Rushes for paper towels to stop Sonny Betz's nosebleed.

11:06 Restores order in the English class.

11:30 Takes a stencil of some book lists to the Octo room to print.

11:35 Starts running off some lists after making a minor repair on the mimeograph machine.

11:45 Settles down in the office to work on reports.

11:55 Assures Mrs. Harvey over the phone that he will tell Mr. Pursell to let Andy off in Maumee.

12:00 Goes downstairs with Harry to see what is wrong with the furnace.

12:10 Wipes his dirty hands on a paper towel and phones the repair man. Resolves to learn all about furnaces soon.

12:20 Starts working on reports in study hall again.

12:35 Draws place cards for Friday's mix-up.

12:45 Starts reports again.

12:50 Assures Marilyn he will write something to put under his picture in the *Weather Vane* and immediately forgets all about it.

12:55 Tells Miss Dickey to circulate a notice that the date for reports to be in will be postponed a day.

1:00 Tears out to his car, fifteen minutes late for Rotary.

LOWER SCHOOL

Standing: Barbara Johnston, George Stranahan, Raymond Kressmann, Lynne Morris, Babs Lennihan.
Seated: Carol Orns, Joan Bentley, Albert Frost, Mary Ann Merrill, Tom Boeschenstein, Jacque Jones, Joyce Southard, Harriet Hollister, Hutchie Lamb.
Not in picture: Beverly Vickerstaff, Terry Williams, Barbara Silverblatt.

FIFTH GRADE

Joan Bentley
Barbara Johnston
Jacqueline Jones
Raymond Kressmann
Edward Lamb
Lynne Morris
Barbara Silverblatt
Joyce Southard
Beverly Vickerstaff
Mary Theresa Williams

SIXTH GRADE

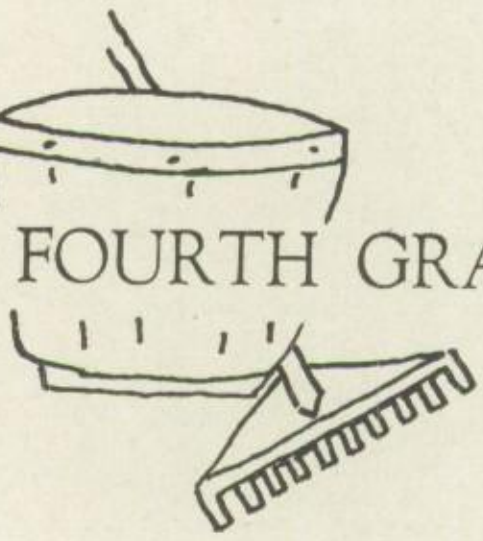
Harold Boeschenstein
Albert Frost
Harriet Hollister
Barbara Lennihan
Mary Ann Merrill
Carol Orns
George Stranahan

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

Standing: Jill Ford, Sue Thomas, David Mebane, Tom DeVilbiss, Camilla Spalding, Norm Foley.
Seated: Jean Orns, Sue Dudley, Sidney Warner.
Not in picture: Bob Scher.

THIRD GRADE	FOURTH GRADE
Thomas DeVilbiss	Norman Foley*
Susan Dudley	Jill Ford*
David Mebane	Suzanne Thomas
Jean Orns	
Robert Scher	
Camilla Spalding*	
Sidney Warner	

**withdrawn*



THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

Standing: Marie Bell, Wade Matier.
Seated, second row: Jon Deimel, Connie Hazzard, Andy Harvey, Sally Tasker, Peter Brown, Sally Loop.
Seated, first row: Barbara Jones, Betsy Walbridge, Virginia DeVilbiss, Jack Yaryan.
Not in picture: Jacque Kressmann, Steve Stranahan.

FIRST GRADE	SECOND GRADE
Virginia DeVilbiss	Marie Bell*
Andrew Harvey	Peter Brown
Sara Jane Tasker	Jon Deimel
Betsy Walbridge	Constance Hazzard
	Barbara Jones
	Jacque Kressmann
	Sally Loop
	Wade Matier
	Stephen Stranahan
	John Yaryan

**withdrawn*

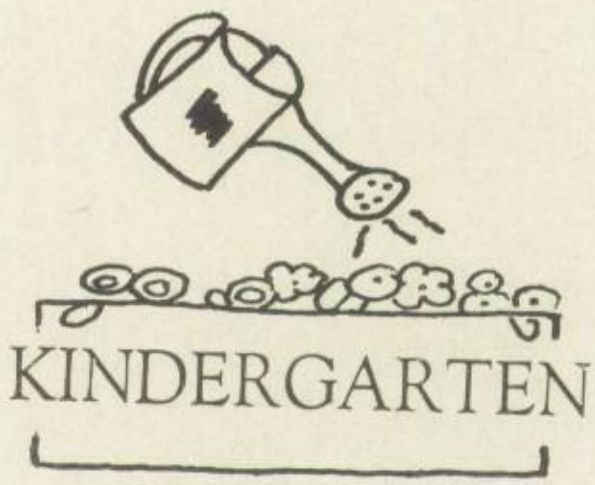
FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

Carol Bentley, Mary Lou Greiner, Janet Mather, George Secor, Michael Rubin, Carole Broer, Grace Ford, Barry Green, David Dodge, David Ockuly, Jeanne Southard.
Not in picture: Christopher Smithers, Fritz Bell, Tod Roemer, Emily Shepard, Ruby Yaryan.

KINDERGARTEN

Frank Bell, Jr.*
Carol Bentley
Carole Broer
David Dodge
Grace Ford*
Barry Green
Mary Lou Greiner
Janet Mather
David Ockuly
Wellington Roemer
Michael Rubin
George Secor
Emily Shepard
Christopher Smithers
Jeanne Southard
Ruby Yaryan

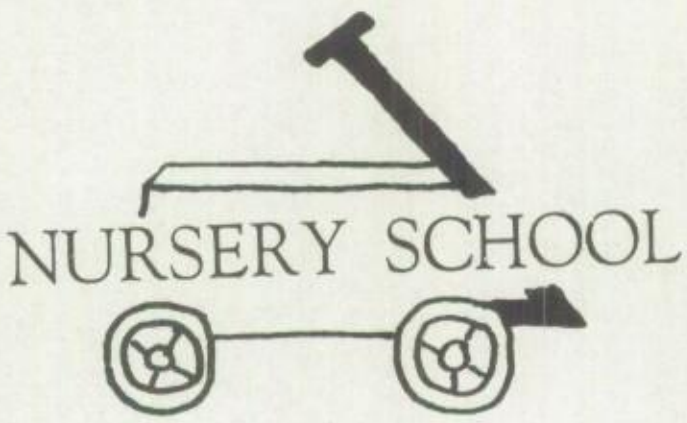
**withdrawn*



Seated: Judy Williams, Nancy Washing, Bradford Koles, Jerry Tasker, Neil Brown, Buster Barbour, Susan Rairdon, Michael Stranahan.
Standing: Louise Dodge (visitor), Fritz Hebbeler, Henson Jones.
Not in picture: James DeVilbiss, William Jennings, Fritz Betz, Jacqueline Hirth.

NURSERY SCHOOL

Sloane Barbour
Frederick Betz
Neil Brown
James DeVilbiss
Fred Hebbeler
Jacqueline Hirth
Henson Jones
William Jennings
Bradford Koles
Susan Rairdon
Michael Stranahan
Jeremiah Tasker
Nancy Washing
Judith Ann Williams



Fullof, the Shelf

Fullof was a shelf and he was always full of good things to eat and that was how he got his name.

His shelf was always covered with newspapers. He enjoyed that, especially the funny papers, but one day when Mrs. Pebblebe was cleaning his shelf, not one of the papers was Funnies. One of them read, "THE TUNISIAN BATTLE IS STILL RAGING." "What battle are they talking about?" thought Fullof. Then he began to read the rest of the paper. The way it looked to him, there was a war going on. Why hadn't they told him? But after that he heard enough about it. When Mrs. Pebblebe would come into the kitchen, she would usually be saying something like this, "You know, Henrietta, I think that this new draft law is awful, sending our boys to war when they aren't even past twenty." (Henrietta was Mrs. Babble, Mrs. Pebblebe's best friend.) Or if she wasn't saying that, it would be, "How can I get along with three pounds of sugar a month and one pound of coffee every five weeks? I think that's terrible!"

Then Fullof began to get full of extra sugar, coffee, meat and other things that were being rationed.

Fullof was reading a newspaper about hoarding when Mrs. Pebblebe put another bag of sugar in the big crock where she kept the sugar. She brought in four more bags of sugar and put them all in the big crockery jar.

"Can Mrs. Pebblebe be hoarding?" thought Fullof. She must be or she could not get that much sugar.

"Hey, Crocko," called Fullof, "As soon as Mrs. Pebblebe goes to bed, open the window over there."

"O.K.," said Crocko.

At nine o'clock that night, Fullof took a pound of sugar and a pound of coffee. Then he put them on the floor. Wriggling himself out of his notches, he climbed out of the window with all the coffee and sugar and other things that Mrs. Pebblebe was hoarding, leaving only the amount that Mrs. Pebblebe should have.

When they got to the grocery store, Crocko opened the grocery store window. Then all the things climbed in. When Fullof got home, he wriggled back into his notches and said decidedly,

"Well, I guess Mrs. Pebblebe won't do any more hoarding."

And she didn't.

—Jacque Jones, *Fifth Grade*

Flying Made Easy

I suppose it happens to every boy about twelve, that he wants to fly. Not in an airplane, but by himself with no motors or starts or anything to bother about. He just wants to fly with his arms or legs for wings. Well, that's what happened to George Jenson one day. He woke up with that odd feeling. If only he could fly! All that day he tried inventing things, first one thing then another, but at the end of the day he at last hit upon something. It looked like a bat and it worked something like one. After supper George went down into the cellar and opened up his tool chest and started to make a pair of wings. They were made of a wooden frame work covered with canvas. It had springs, screws, weights, and all sorts of things. Four days after, he finished the wings, He hadn't told his mother or his father or anyone.

He said to them, "Please don't go down into the cellar." So no one went into the basement for a long time.

At last the flying machine was finished. So George went out on the top of the wood shed and tied on his wings with some rope. It took two or three

minutes to get up courage. He was all prepared to break his leg. But at last he jumped. He was flying. Oh what a glorious feeling! It was just like a bird. He swooped up and down for about five minutes and then flew along to see the landscape from a bird's eye view. After a little while he saw a farmer in a field.

He flew over and said, "Hello."

"What," said the farmer looking all around, because he thought he was in the field alone. Then George flew on. After a while he saw a man stealing milk off a door step.

He swooped silently down upon him and said, "Ah-ah-ah-ahh! Naughty, naughty."

"Oh .... what ....", said the man, as he dropped the milk and ran. On and on George flew until he came to a house. He flew by one window and saw some children doing home work. He flew by again and saw that they were having a hard time with a column of figures, so he flew by the window and gave the correct answer. The children looked all around but there wasn't any one there. After the children worked out the problem, the answer George had given was right. George looked at his watch. It was time to go home. George flew to a rock near his house called Humpy's rock. Humpy's rock had very steep sides and nobody had ever climbed the rock without a ladder. Every Fourth of July the townspeople had a contest to see whether anybody could climb it (without a ladder). So George lit on Humpy's rock. The next thing was to call for help, so he did. All the townspeople came running with step ladders and every other kind that they could find. After they got him down, some of the people asked him how he got up there.

George said, "I flew up."

Some of the old ladies said, "You'll be all right. We know it was a hard climb."

"I didn't climb," he said; "I flew."

"Just lie down on the nice soft grass and you will be all right."

"Oh fooooooo," said George. He got up and walked home. By the time he got home, his mother had heard about his adventure.

"Poor George, go to bed and I'll call the doctor," she said when he told her that he flew up.

When the doctor came he said, "There isn't anything wrong with him."

That night Mr. Jenson took George out to the wood shed and said, "Tell me how you got up there or I will spank you."

"I flew," was the answer from George and he showed his father what was left of his flying machine.

—Tom Boeschenstein, *Sixth Grade*

1. Chattanooga Choo Choo
2. Cooped in
3. Peek-a-boo
4. What have you there?
5. Crow's nest
6. Happy landing
7. Making mud pies
8. Room for us?

The Diary of a Piece of Scrap Metal

Jan. 1 I am a piece of an old iron bed. Today I was taken from the attic and put into a junk yard to be taken to help win the war.

Jan. 2 I am still in the junk yard but a lot of junk has been taken today, so I think maybe I will go tomorrow.

Jan. 3 I was taken today and put onto a train with a lot of other junk, a couple of irons, and a piece of fence and a lot of other things. I heard that the trip was going to take at least two or three days.

Jan. 6 I arrived in the station today and was put in another truck and taken to a factory.

Jan. 7 I was made ready to be heated up and molded into anything for which I am wanted. After that I was put into a big room with a lot of other scrap.

Jan. 8 I met Mr. Iron and Miss Door Knob and a few other people.

Jan. 9 Today I was put into a very hot oven and melted up with some of my friends. After that I was poured into a gun mold and allowed to cool.

Jan. 10 I was taken out of my mold and fixed up. By getting fixed up, I mean getting all my rough edges smoothed off.

Jan. 11 I was taken to the station and put onto another train and I am being taken to a port, where I am going to be shipped to MacArthur's armed forces where I am going to fight.

Jan. 12 The first day is no fun. I wish we would land soon because it is very rocky and rough. I am getting sea-sick. It is not so easy for a gun to get sea-sick.

Jan. 13 The same as yesterday.

Jan. 14 We sighted land way off.

Jan. 15 We landed today very early. Just since then I have shot three Japs with the help of my master, MacArthur. I had better not tell any more because I might let out some military secrets.

—Harriet Hollister, *Sixth Grade*

Geraldine, the Conceited Candy Cane

Geraldine was sitting on a shelf in a candy shop. She was very conceited.

"O dear, my lipstick is coming off," said Geraldine.

"Don't be so conceited, Geraldine. After all there are lots of candy canes in the world," said an apple pie.

"Yes, I know," said Geraldine, "but none are as pretty as I."

"Oh yes, my Uncle Chocolate Cake's daughter is twice as pretty as you."

"How dare you insult me! Everyone knows that I'm the most beautiful of all candy canes. In fact, I am the most beautiful of all sweets," said the candy cane.

"Some day someone is going to buy you and bite that conceitedness right out of you," said the apple pie.

"Do you realize whom you're talking to? You're talking to the most beautiful person on the earth. I forbid you to say another word, for that may irritate my temper and that would never do. Now be silent while I rehearse my part from *Romass and Juliet,*" said the candy cane.

"It's not Romass. It's—"

"I told you to keep still. Romass, Romass, wherefore art thou, Romass?"

"Mush," said the apple pie, who was very disgusted.

Just then a little girl came into the store and said,

"My mommy wants an apple pie because she's going to have a dinner party."

"I have just what you want," said the man that owned the store. He got the apple pie from the shelf, wrapped it up and gave it to the little girl.

"Thank you, Mr. Candy Man," said the little girl. "I'm sure my mommy will like this pie." Then the little girl left the store.

"I'm certainly glad that he's gone," said the candy cane in a very happy voice. "Now I can rehearse Romass and Juliet without being interrupted every second. Romass, Romass, wherefore art thou?"

All of a sudden another little girl came into the store slamming the door behind her.

"My mommy gave me a nickel and I want to get some candy," said the little girl.

"What kind would you like? We have some nice doughnuts, two for a nickel," said the man in the store.

"I want some doughnuts," said the little girl.

The man went over to a shelf to get her some doughnuts.

"Wait," said the little girl. "I've changed my mind. I want a jelly roll."

The man walked over to another shelf and started to get some jelly rolls.

"Wait," said the little girl. "I've changed my mind. I want a candy cane."

"Make up your mind, will you?" said the man in the store. "Do you want doughnuts, the jelly roll, or the candy cane?"

"I want the candy cane," said the little girl.

The man took the candy cane from the shelf where she was sitting.

"Get your dirty, filthy hands off me," said the candy cane. But the man did not hear her. He put her into a bag and gave her to the little girl.

The little girl left the store with the candy cane.

"Leave me alone, you naughty, bad girl. Take me out of this dirty bag." But no one heard her.

When the little girl got home, she started to eat the candy cane but her mother stopped her.

"Wait until dinner. You may have one bite for dessert," said her mother.

The little girl ate her dinner in a hurry so she could eat her candy cane.

"May I have a bite of my candy cane now, mommy?" said the little girl.

"Yes," said her mother. "Only one, though."

The little girl took one bite and spit it out, for that was the piece of the candy cane that was conceited. The little girl took another bite but it was so good that she didn't want to eat it, so she saved it for ever and ever.

—Joan Bentley, *Fifth Grade*

Happy's Troubles

Happy was a little brownie who liked to get into trouble. I am going to tell you some of the things he did.

"I feel as if I'm going to make trouble for someone," said Happy, jumping out of bed and running downstairs and into breakfast.

His mother and father were already eating their sunflower seeds and milk. But Happy didn't like the sunflower seeds or the milk.

Happy knew a way to get rid of the sunflower seeds. This is the way he did it. As soon as his father had gone to work and his mother was washing dishes, he ran outside and up the biggest tree he could find. Happy climbed high up to a bird's nest and hid near-by until the mother bird flew away. He then fed the sunflower seeds to the baby birds.

—Suzanne Thomas, *Fourth Grade*

A Squirrel's Adventure

Once upon a time there was a little brown squirrel who was a lot of trouble to his family. He lived up in an old oak tree next to the Joneses' house.

One day he found a window opened into the house, so he went in. He looked all around the room, then jumped upon a table that was near-by. There he found a bottle full of ink. He went over to it and put his nose down and smelled it. It smelled good to him.

All at once the ink bottle turned over and the ink ran out on the table. He slipped over and put his tongue into it. It didn't taste good—it tasted terrible!

He ran home to his mother as fast as his legs could carry him. She put him right to bed. He lay there thinking over the day's adventures and had a lot of fun. He didn't go to sleep until his father came home.

—Tom DeVilbiss, *Third Grade*

My Trains

I have four trains and one big bridge. The trains can go fast and slow. The transformer makes them go fast and slow. I can make all four trains go at once and I can make the whistle blow.

The big bridge has a light on the top of it. Sometimes the trains fall off the tracks, but I put them right on again.

I have two freight trains and two passenger trains. I have two gates that go up and down. There are signal lights that flash on. There is a little man that comes in and out of a little house with a railroad sign beside it .

—Jon Deimel, *Second Grade*

Thanksgiving

The Pilgrims came across the sea.
They landed at Plymouth Rock.
They met many Indians.
Many of the Pilgrims died,
But they didn't want to go back home.

In the fall the Pilgrims had big crops.
Then they had a big harvest feast.
They gave thanks to God.
That was the first Thanksgiving.

Jean Orns, *Third Grade*

Echo

Echo was a beautiful nymph. She lived in the woods because she liked it there. But she had two faults—she talked too much and she always wanted to speak the last word.

One day she met Juno. Juno asked where Jupiter was, but Echo mocked her and Juno said, "I will punish you. Hereafter you will be able to say only the last word."

One day Echo saw Narcissus rushing up the mountain. She longed to speak to him but could not.

Narcissus asked, "Who's there?"
Ęcho replied, "There."

Narcissus said, "Come and play."
"Play," replied Echo. She ran to Narcissus, but he said, "I don't want you."
Echo ran back to the cave and faded away from loneliness.

—Susan Dudley, *Third Grade*

The Story of a Little Girl

Once upon a time there was a little girl, and her name was Barbara. She was a very nice girl, too. She went to school. She was in the second grade. She was ahead of the whole class in numbers. She had an older sister and a younger brother. The older sister's name was Jacque. The younger brother's name was Hans. He was in nursery school. He played most of the time and he worked some of the time, too. One day when Barbara was writing a story, her sister came into the room and told Barbara's teacher that Barbara was invited to a play and Barbara was very happy. She asked Jacque if the whole class was supposed to go, too. Jacque said, "Oh yes." So the class went to the play. And the play was a good one, too. I will tell you about it. The play is called *Poland Family.* The scene opens. The Polish family is gathered around the fire. The children are asking father to tell them a story. Just as they ask him to tell them a story, the air raid siren sounds. The Polish family turns out all the lights in the house and goes down to the basement and has to stay there two weeks, but they have food. When it is safe enough, the family goes up to get clothes and food and some other things. Then they go back to the basement and they stay in the basement all day. Then finally the war is won. That is the end of the play.

—Connie Hazzard, *Second Grade*

Lilies

Lilies floating on the pond,
Glistening in the sun,
Wearing white and lacy dresses.
Summer has begun.

To a party they are going,
Dressed in fine array,
To whirl and twirl the whole night long,
In dreamland far away.

—Jill Ford, *Fourth Grade*

The Little Girl Who Wanted a Kitten

Once upon a time there was a little girl. Her name was Sally. She had a lot of toys but still she was not satisfied. She wanted a kitten. She told her mother about it.

Mother said, "Maybe some day you will get a kitten."

Sally waited a long time but she did not get a kitten.

One day Sally's birthday came. She wondered if she would get a kitten. She went downstairs to look for one. She heard a little noise. She wondered if that could be a kitten but she could not find where the noise came from. She looked all around the house but she could not find the noise. She looked upstairs and downstairs and in her mother's closet she found a little box. She wondered if that could be a kitten but it was not a kitten.

When the time came for her party, she had not found the kitten.

At last the party was over and it was time for Sally to go to bed. When she got in bed she felt something furry. It was at the bottom of her bed. She went down and got it. It was the cutest little kitten she had ever seen.

Sally showed the kitten to her mother the next morning. Her mother said, "Sally, that must be your kitten."

—Sally Loop, *Second Grade*

The Bears

Once upon a time there was a little bear. He lived with his mother and father.

One day he went out exploring and he saw a goat. The goat said, "Hello, little bear. How are you today?"

"Just fine," said the bear.

The goat said, "How would you like to come in and visit me?"

"I will," said the bear and went into the goat's house. They had some soup and sandwiches and then the little bear went home. He told his mother what he had done.

—Virginia DeVilbiss, *First Grade*

The Happy Little Boy

Once there was a little boy who liked to play outdoors more than anything. In the summer he liked to cut the grass. Then he would be paid some money. Then he would go to the post office and buy some defense stamps to put in his defense book.

He watered his mother's garden for her and his mother paid him ten cents.

—Stephen Stranahan, *Second Grade*

The Little Girl's Flowers

Once upon a time there was a little girl who wanted some flowers, so she made a garden. Every day she went out to her garden but she never saw any flowers. One day she saw a fairy. The fairy said, "You come out every day to see your garden but you do not water your garden." The little girl said, "Thank you, little fairy. I will water my garden every day," and she did.

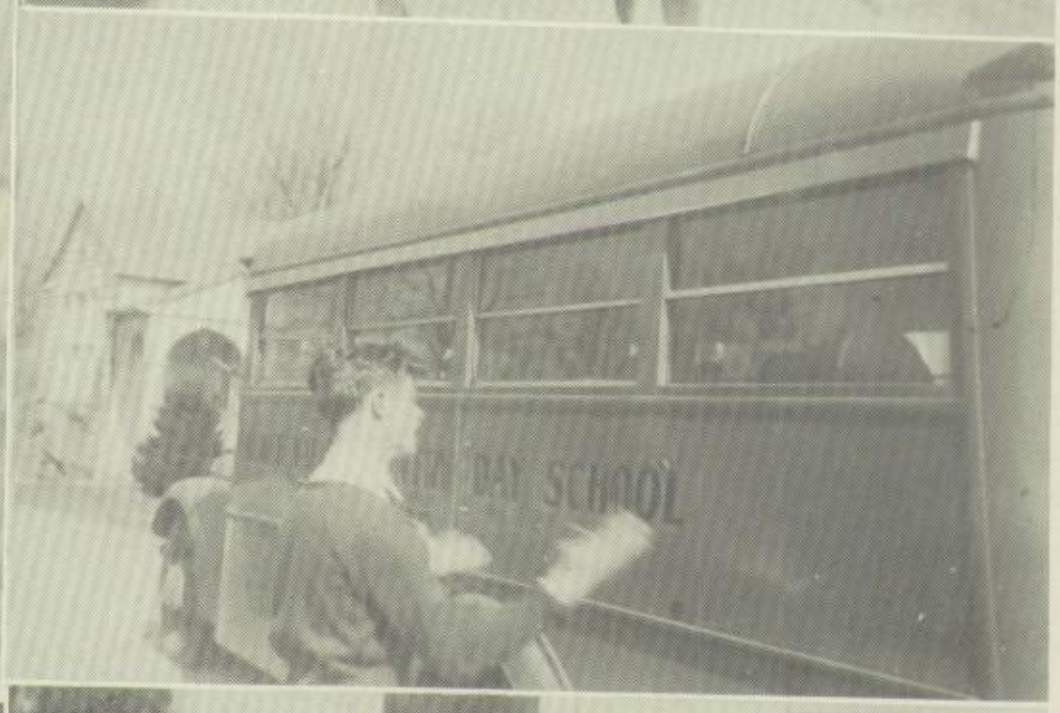
—Barbara Jones, *Second Grade*

The Aviator

The aviator was called to take out an airplane. The airplane was supposed to be a P-40. He took it out and he met some Axis airplanes. He called for some other airplanes to come, too and they shot the Axis airplanes down.

Then they went back and took out the B-17 and went over to Japan and bombed it. Then they went back.

—Jacque Kressmann, *First Grade*



1. No Doctor Today
2. Airing
3. &-*?c%!
4. A facial
5. It's a new broom that sweeps clean
6. At the wheel
7. College agreeing!!!

Last Year's Seniors

Answers to Questionnaires sent by Editors

Name—KATE P. BANCROFT.

School you are now attending:
University of Wisconsin.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:
Alpha Phi sorority, French Club, church choir, and Pre-Medica Association.

Word of advice to students at M.V.C.D.S.:
Education is a necessity and a privilege, especially in war time. Take full advantage of it.

What do you like best at your school?
I like the serious attitude of the students. They study and aid actively in the war effort and have fun at the same time.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?
I believe I miss the personal contact between faculty and students at M.V.C.D.S.

Name—MARIE-LOUISE DE CORIOLIS.

School you are now attending:
Smith College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:
Smith Outing Club, "Gardiner Hardiners."

Other news about yourself:
I have a roommate who is a red head, fiery temper, talkative (my studying suffers). Gerry, Gordie, Dottie, and Marian visiting Georgia, Louise and me next week-end.

Word of advice to students at M.V.C.D.S.:
Learn to take notes in lectures and classes. Learn to study with veritable revolution going on. Your clothes are never your own. Don't air around that you have cookies until you have had at least one yourself. Don't expect to diet here—if you want to lose weight, go to the Du Barry Success School.

What do you like best at your school?
The girls are wonderful, food—ahh, traditions nice but not like M.V.'s, sports marvelous.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?
The circle at eleven o'clock, knowing all your teachers, annoying Mr. Coryell with the noise from senior table, senior study (?) hall, the nice soft little buzzer, playing baseball at noon, picnics, field day.

Name—LOUISE FRANCE.

School you are now attending:
Smith College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:
Freshmen are not allowed in any clubs, but I am on our house hockey and basketball teams.

Other news about yourself:
Quite healthy, with not much time to think of or to participate in civilian or military defense.

Word of advice to students of M.V.C.D.S.:
Since I am not very far removed from M.V., this is hard, but to be cliché, if you want to have a good time in college, work hard in high school.

What do you like best at your school?

Not the weather, not the work, perhaps the professors and perhaps its location and proximity to points of interest.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?

Personal attention of teachers to each pupil. I also miss all of the teachers and all of the students.

Name—MARIAN GILLETTE.

School you are now attending:

Briarcliff Junior College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:

Life-saving, swimming team, first aid, residence office staff, dance committee, selling war stamps.

Other news about yourself:

My fortune-teller told me I was to be engaged in March but . . . my thoughts are continually of week-ends. I'm in perfectly good health and I am taking body mechanics.

Word of advice to students at M.V.C.D.S.:

Listen to your teachers while you have good ones. Enjoy the good food and be glad you have enough. Don't get a roommate that snores.

What do you like best at your school?

There is a good child development course here and I am getting much from it. The best place to go for a little rest is the smoker where you can get into all sorts of sessions.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?

Just name it and that is what I miss most at M.V.; such as the friendly teachers, the fun and opportunities the students have, the bumpy ride in the good orange bus, ice cream on Friday and the added attraction of men in the senior class.

Name—MARY GORDON HASCALL.

School you are now attending:

Briarcliff Junior College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:

Plato Club, swimming team, hockey team. My scholarship duties are in the Residence Office where I receive guests, supervise the students in their signing in and out, and do other general office work.

Other news about yourself:

No engagement yet, but my heart is still in the Coast Guard. I seem to be in the pink of health. I am taking first aid and automobile mechanics as war work courses. I assist in the selling of war stamps and do Red Cross work here. My thoughts are much too complex to be put on such a small piece of paper, but they center around the war and our large part in it—how imperative it is to be doing something constructive.

What do you like best at your school?

The great advantage of B.J.C. is its nearness to New York City and the opportunities which you get from this center of everything—art, music, drama, history, people, and everything that goes with a big city. Yet we still get a country school life.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?

The teachers and our wonderful relationship with them. Classes under the trees, the Smead Room, Mary and her cookies, banging lockers, and bus whistles, "Rufus" in Miss P's room, and on and on—I just miss everything that makes M.V. M.V.

Name—DOROTHY HIETT.

School you are now attending:
Briarcliff Junior College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:
I am taking motor mechanics and first aid as extra courses and will get a certificate from the Red Cross Motor Corps when the course is finished.

News about yourself:
Health fine—lost a few pounds. Taking first aid and motor mechanics in order to join motor corps.

Word of advice to students at M.V.C.D.S.:
Take advantage of all the instruction you can get at M.V.

What do you like best at your school?
Weekends—freedom that we have, bull sessions in the smoker, the girls.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?
The food, classes outside, class spirit and close friendships. Relationship betweeen the students and faculty.

Name—ALICE RATHBUN.

School you are now attending:
Skidmore College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:
Intercollegiate swimming team, secretary-treasurer of dorm, portrait business.

Other news about yourself:
Health: pink of condition—simply rolling!

Word of advice to students at M.V.C.D.S.:
Don't fall in love your freshman year.

What do you like most at your school?
Location: Crystal blue sky—tons of snow—30° below zero weather. Abundance of food and my roomie.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?
Time spent romping in circle—hockey field. Gossiping with faculty. Informal conduct in class.

Name—GERRY TEIPEL.

School you are now attending:
Briarcliff Junior College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:
Dramatic, motor mechanics, first aid, librarian, dance committee, selling war stamps.

Other news about yourself:
No thought of engagement; I don't want to miss any fun. With all our body mechanics, I couldn't be anything but healthy. My thoughts are too many to express now. College has made many new ideas come to mind. Body mechanics is about my only civilian defense, but I am planning to enter the Motor Corps this summer and hoping to go across when I become of age.

Word of advice to students of M.V.C.D.S.:
Enjoy those good meals that we complained about so much, because you're getting good food there, even meat on Tuesday. Mary knows how to do it. And believe me, don't complain about that wonderful faculty. You can't find a better one. Just wait until you don't have to listen to them—you'll want to.

What do you like most at your school?

To be perfectly frank, the smokers are a great thing to have for a nervous breakdown that comes with staying up until 3:00 A.M. every morning. I am getting a very good business training course here. Motor mechanics is my favorite. Running into New York on weekends doesn't disagree with me.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?

I miss almost everything I can think of about M.V.: the friendliness between teachers and students, the soup and sandwiches, the pleasant atmosphere everywhere, having been a year too early for men in the senior class, and even the bumpy rides every day.

Name—GEORGIA WIETING.

School you are now attending:

Smith College.

Extra-curricular activities and clubs:

Smith College Outing Club, "Gardiner Hardiners."

Word of advice to students at M.V.C.D.S.:

Learn powers of concentration—don't expect to keep "a boy from home" a secret.

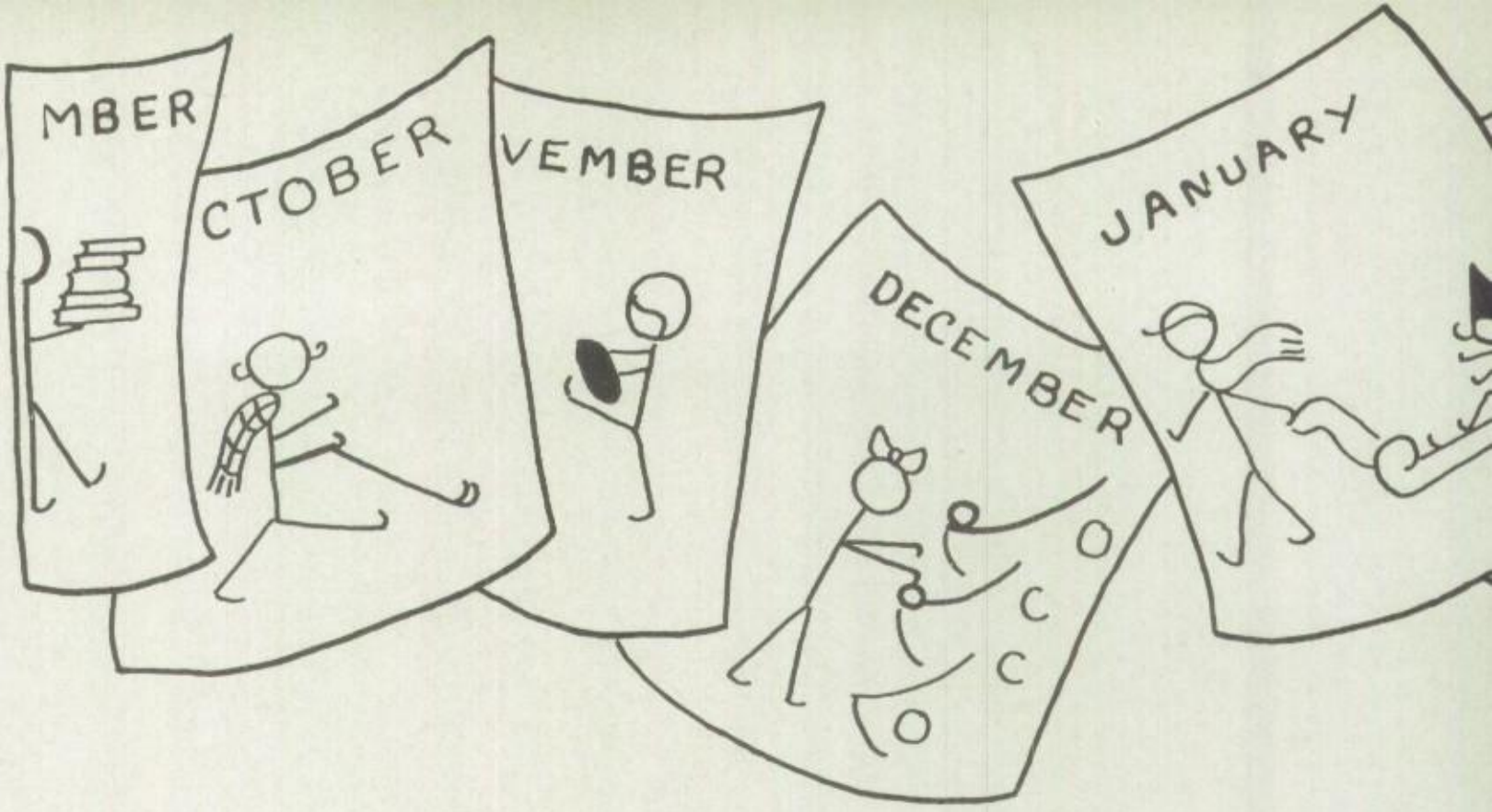
What do you like best at your school?

The wonderful "gang" of girls and afternoon tea parties, my zoölogy professor and sub-zero weather.

What do you miss most at M.V.C.D.S.?

Choc-graham's at 11 o'clock—senior table—small classes—Mr. Stork and all the faculty.

At the final assembly, June 9, 1942, Mr. Stork presented the headmaster's award, a silver pitcher, to the student who in the opinion of the faculty was the most outstanding in all respects, Marilyn Beidler.



September

School opens . . . Four males big attraction in senior class . . . *Weather Vane under way* . . . Harry heads council . . . Lieutenant Burbidge pays visit . . . Boys start chores.

October

First mothers' luncheon and Mrs. Hollister as new president . . . an inspiring assembly talk is given by Rev. Williams . . . Mr. Bossert and his well known camera . . . Colette with freshmen take honors in ad campaign . . . Girls acquire dish-pan hands as work program starts.

November

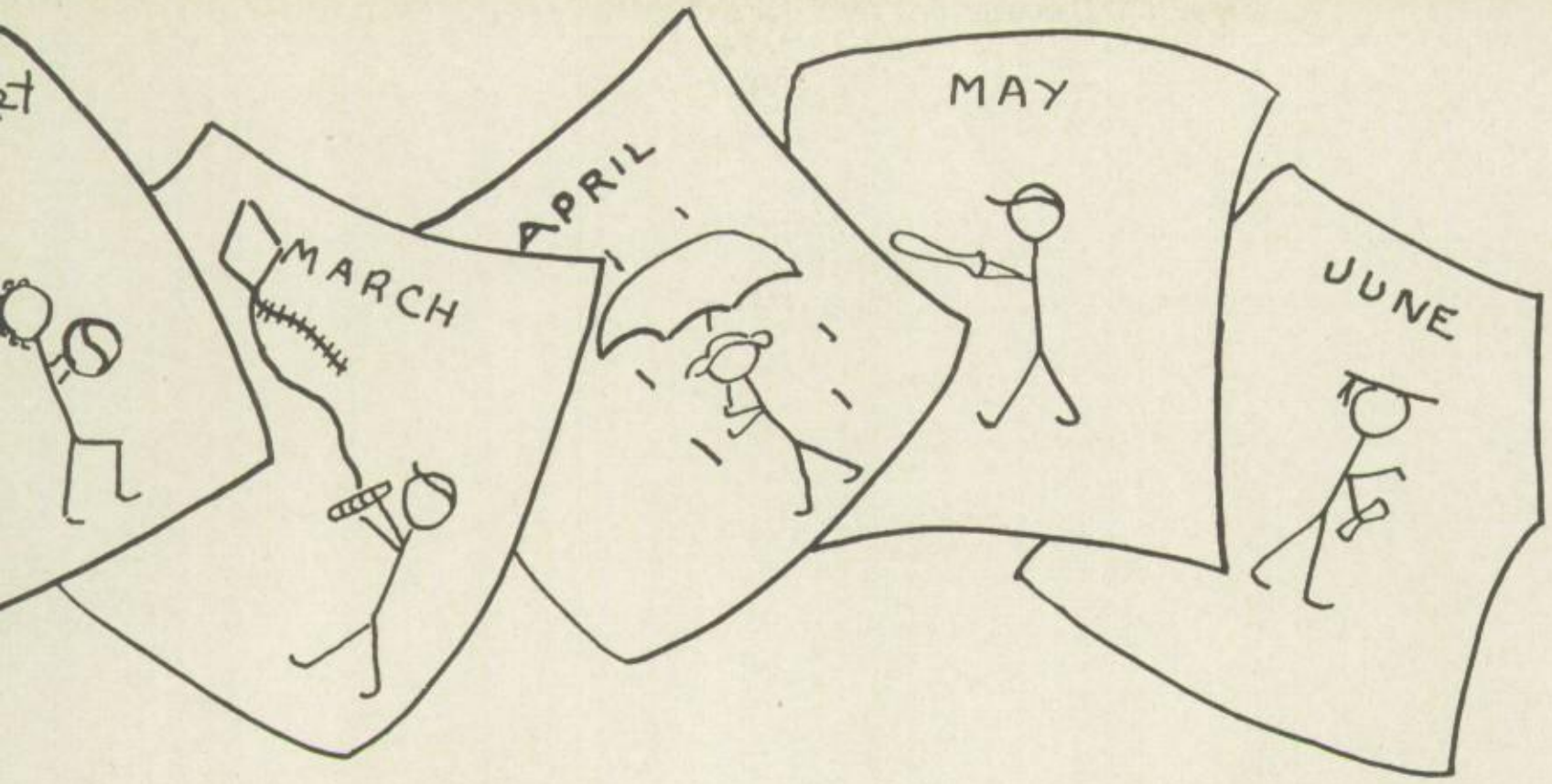
After four games of tense hockey, Oranges win series . . . Seniors dramatize War Chest in assembly . . . Grosse Pointe Country Day comes for hockey . . . City nurse teaches a little first-aid . . . Boys start commando raids . . . Pilgrims and Indians of third and fourth grades give Thanksgiving playlet.

December

Judge Alexander tells an interesting case from the juvenile court . . . Scenes from Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew* with the sophomores and juniors . . . Francie and Camilla present a new flag to the school as a parting gift . . . A Christmas play given by the fifth and sixth grades with proceeds going to the Polish Relief . . . Finally the long awaited Christmas vacation . . . At Collingwood Parish House, we greet returned alumni (and æ) with wassail and Mary's Christmas cookies.

January

Back from Christmas vacation . . . Lots of cold weather with much skating on "Peepers' Pond" . . . Icy roads cause one day's vacation . . . Sue Easton talks on "Wellesley during War Time" . . . Exam Week . . . M.V. girls have a gala time in Grosse Pointe during basketball series.



February

The freshmen burlesque the well-known *Highwayman* in assembly . . . Jim Nordhoff and Mr. Coryell take the prizes in the seventh grade's poetry quiz . . . Mr. Pursell leaves for the Army Air Corps . . . The French classes enjoy an evening of French movies at Madame's . . . War stamps are sold in the front hall . . . The Spanish class gives a brief history of Spanish civilization . . . The class of '44 wear school rings.

March

Carol MacNichol in glasses and hair-up makes a stern teacher for the old fashioned spelling bee . . . Bryant Wood presents a program of poems read aloud to music . . . Mr. McClean of the Art Museum gives us a vivid picture of the Orient . . . A panel discussion on the merits of the Culbertson and Streit plans for a post-war world.

April

Sophomore French class gives an assembly on North Africa . . . Mrs. Alexander talks about new books . . . The girls of the fifth and sixth grades give an exhibition on twists and turns . . . Little tots take us to distant lands by music, dancing, and stories.

May

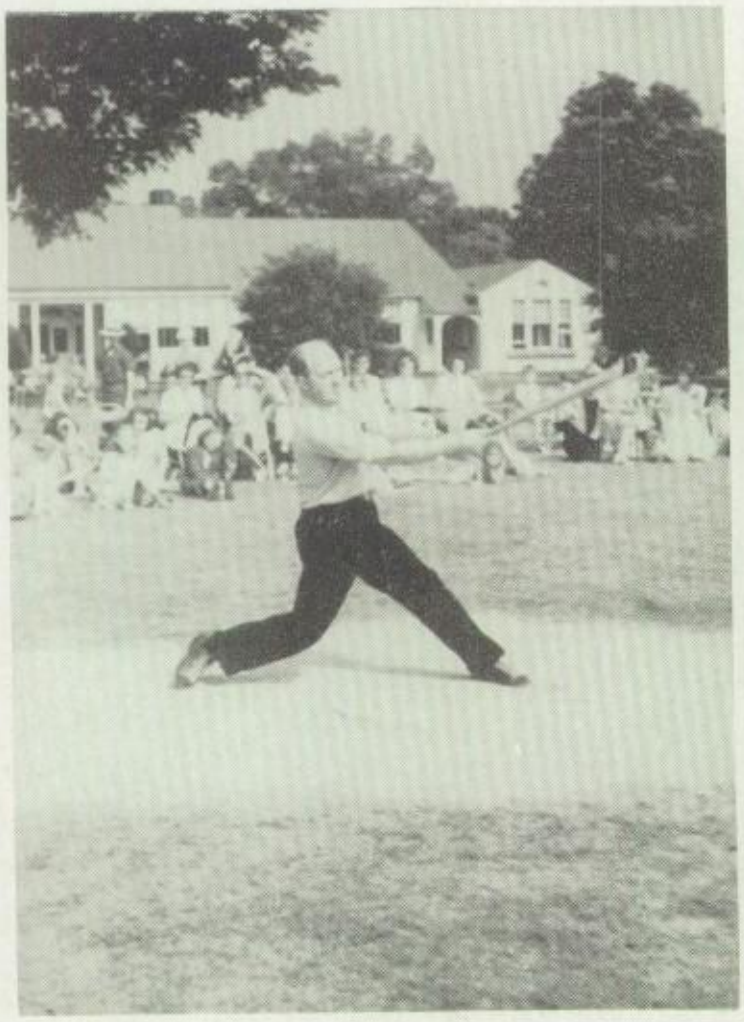
Baseball starts off with a bang . . . We jaunt out to the dogwood grove where junior ushers are announced . . . Seniors present *A Murder Has Been Arranged.*

June

Parrots, ducks, goats, etc. assemble at pet show . . . Sons challenge fathers to a baseball game . . . Mothers prepare potato salad for annual picnic . . . Silver cup, athletic awards, and citations presented during final assembly . . . Juniors weep while seniors sing farewell song at the last luncheon . . . Mr. Stork has a breakfast for graduates . . . Seniors receive diplomas under the trees in the garden . . . Juniors are hostesses at Senior Prom.

Tuesday, June 9, 1942

Pet Show



Father and Sons' Baseball Game

COMMENCEMENT

June 11, 1942

Program

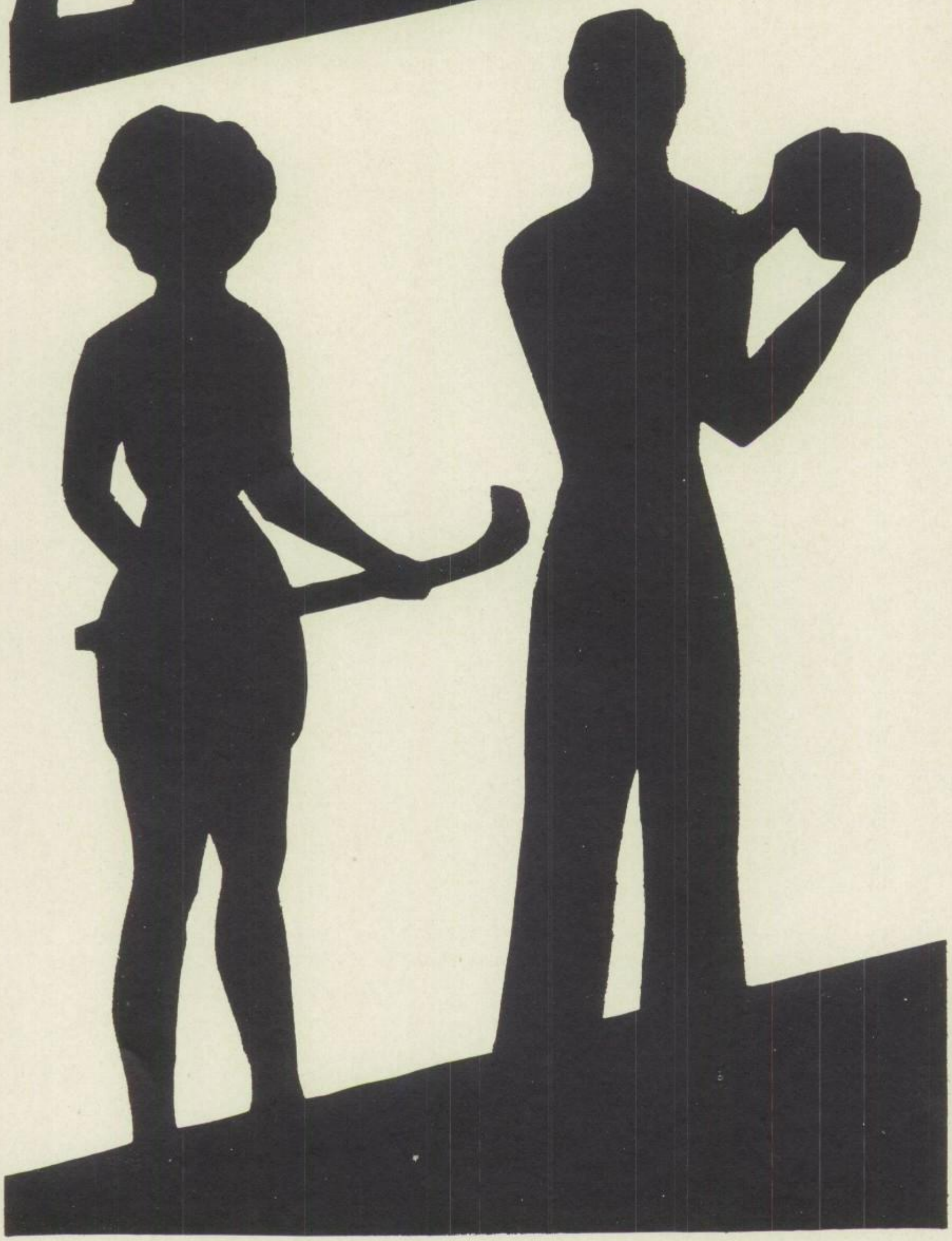
Processional.....Elgar
Maumee Valley School Song
Address.....Kenneth Pellett,
Cranbrook School
I Love Life.....Mana-Zucca
Presentation of Diplomas.....Willis Stork, *Headmaster*
America the Beautiful.....Bates
Benediction.....Rev. Malcolm R. Ward
Junior Ushers..... Colette Geary, Natalie Buckhout

People Are Talking

"Which should I vote for, the Streit or the Culbertson plan?"
"I wish summer would come."
"Miss Dickey, may I use the phone? It's very important."
"Just think the day after the day after tomorrow's Friday."
"No, I'm just chewing a rubber band."
"Who sweeps the gym?"
"Gosh, that's a he-man job, stoking the furnace!"
"Mary, may I charge another nickel?"
"I'm glad I wasn't in Martha's place when she was sat upon in the Junior-Faculty basketball game!"
"I forgot to empty my piggy-bank for those defense stamps."
(In the girls' gym) "To the rear, march! O dear, squad halt!"
"The bus comes earlier every morning. Move over."
"Oh, this is my K.P. period."
"Who serves?"
"Honestly, didn't Bryant Wood's reading of *The Cremation of Sam Magee* send chills up and down your spine?"
"No, the second bell hasn't rung yet."
"Who has that squirt gun?"
"May I see your math?"
"Go to the card catalog first!"
"You, too, may be the life of the party!"
"Are you on the Principal's List?"
"Miss Beard, may I go to the history room?"
"Oh, not a theme *this* weekend."
"Je ne sais pas."
"May I have a pass?"
"Did you have to put your hair up last night?"
"Take your coat to the library."
"All my friends have left me but a few."
"But the bell doesn't *ring* down stairs!"
"M-m-m-m(Y)'ello"
"Um-h-m-m, yes indeedy, um-h-m-m!"

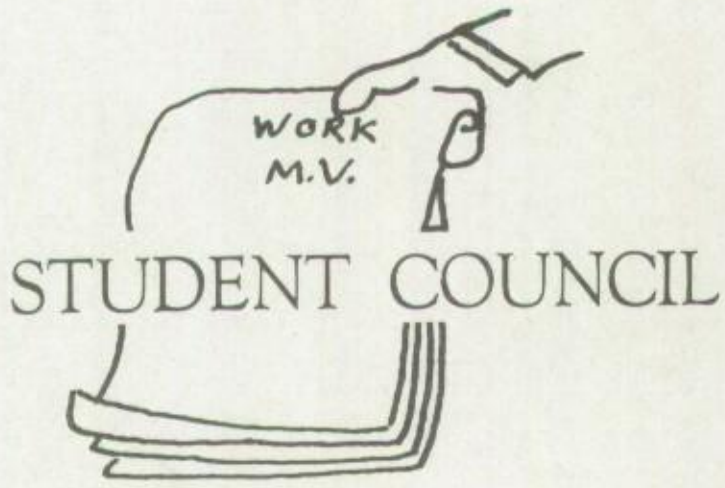
Mary Blair Buggie

ACTIVITIES



Left to right: Pat Stranahan, Francis Spalding, Clint Mauk, Barbara Johnston, Harry Wieting, Colette Geary, Marian Wieting, Boots Johnston.
Not in picture: Joan Whalen, Fred Buggie.

Harry Wieting.....*President (1st term)*
Colette Geary.....*President (2nd term)*
Colette Geary.....*Senior Representative (1st term)*
Joan Whalen.....*Senior Representative (2nd term)*
Mary Hunter Johnston.....*Junior Representative*
Clinton Mauk.....*Sophomore Representative*
Marian Wieting.....*Freshman Representative*
Francis Spalding.....*Eighth Grade Representative (1st term)*
Frederick Buggie.....*Eighth Grade Representative (2nd term)*
Duane Stranahan.....*Seventh Grade Representative*
Barbara Johnston.....*Fifth and Sixth Grade Representative*



Projects of the Student Council

The Student Council this year has been faced with new responsibilities in view of the war. Its main programs, therefore, have been to benefit the war effort. The first project undertaken was the work program. Its purpose is to help the school economize and to release one man and one woman for war work. The students assist in the kitchen and dining room and do janitorial jobs around the school. Each student works a minimum of one forty-five minute period per week. The registration for this program was voluntary, but after a student enlisted, he was expected to do any duties assigned to him. Recognition is given to good workers to help stimulate those whose interest seems to be waning. There has been a fine spirit of cooperation and good comradeship.

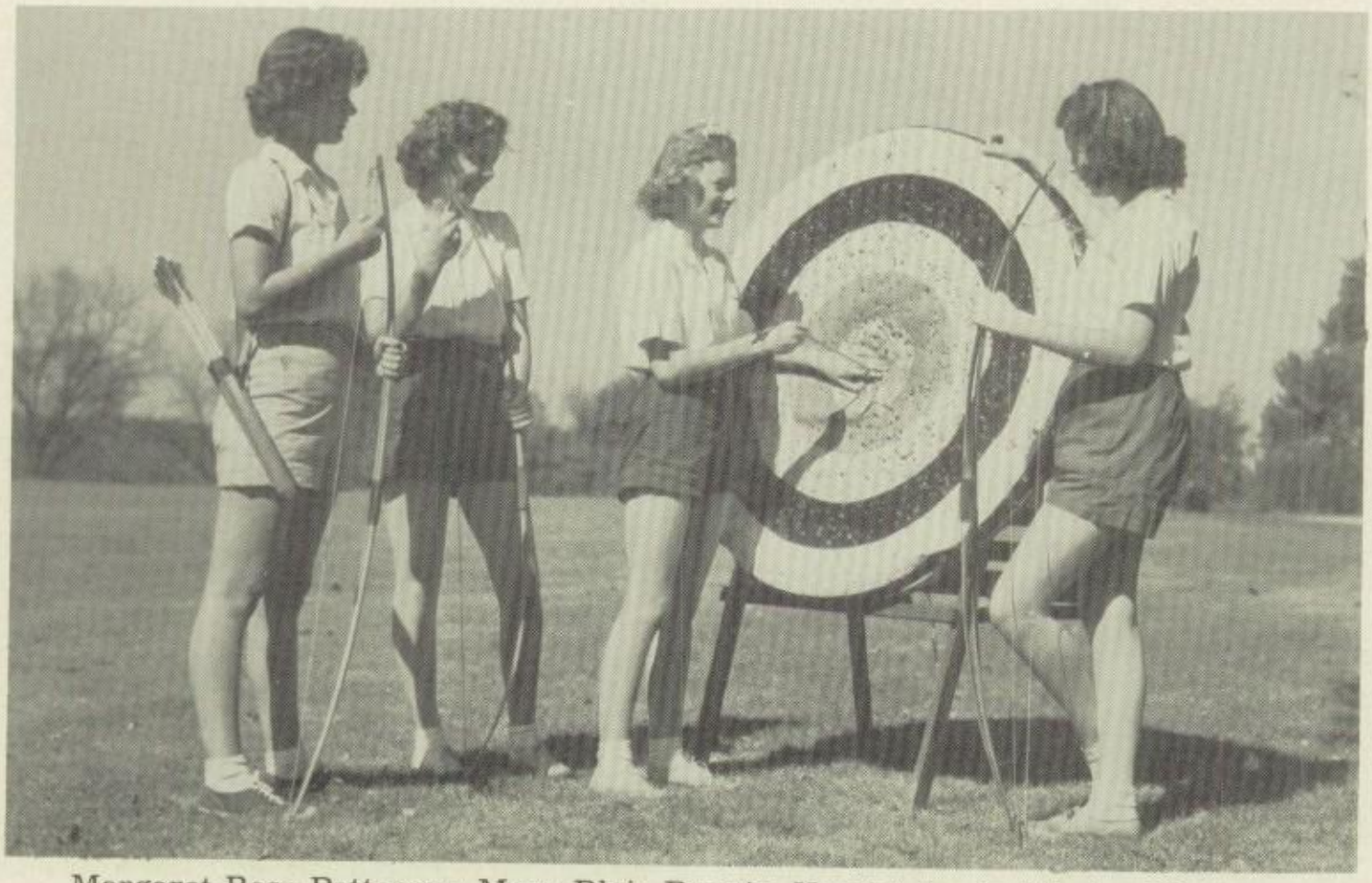
The second big project we have undertaken is the sale of war bonds and stamps. Every Wednesday a table in the front hall is set up for this purpose and from the receipts we were able easily to buy a Garand rifle for seventy-five dollars. We also have sold several bonds ranging from twenty-five dollars to seventy-five dollars.

The third main project has been the completion of the Handbook begun last year. This is a booklet of school procedures and traditions to be distributed among new students and visitors of the school.

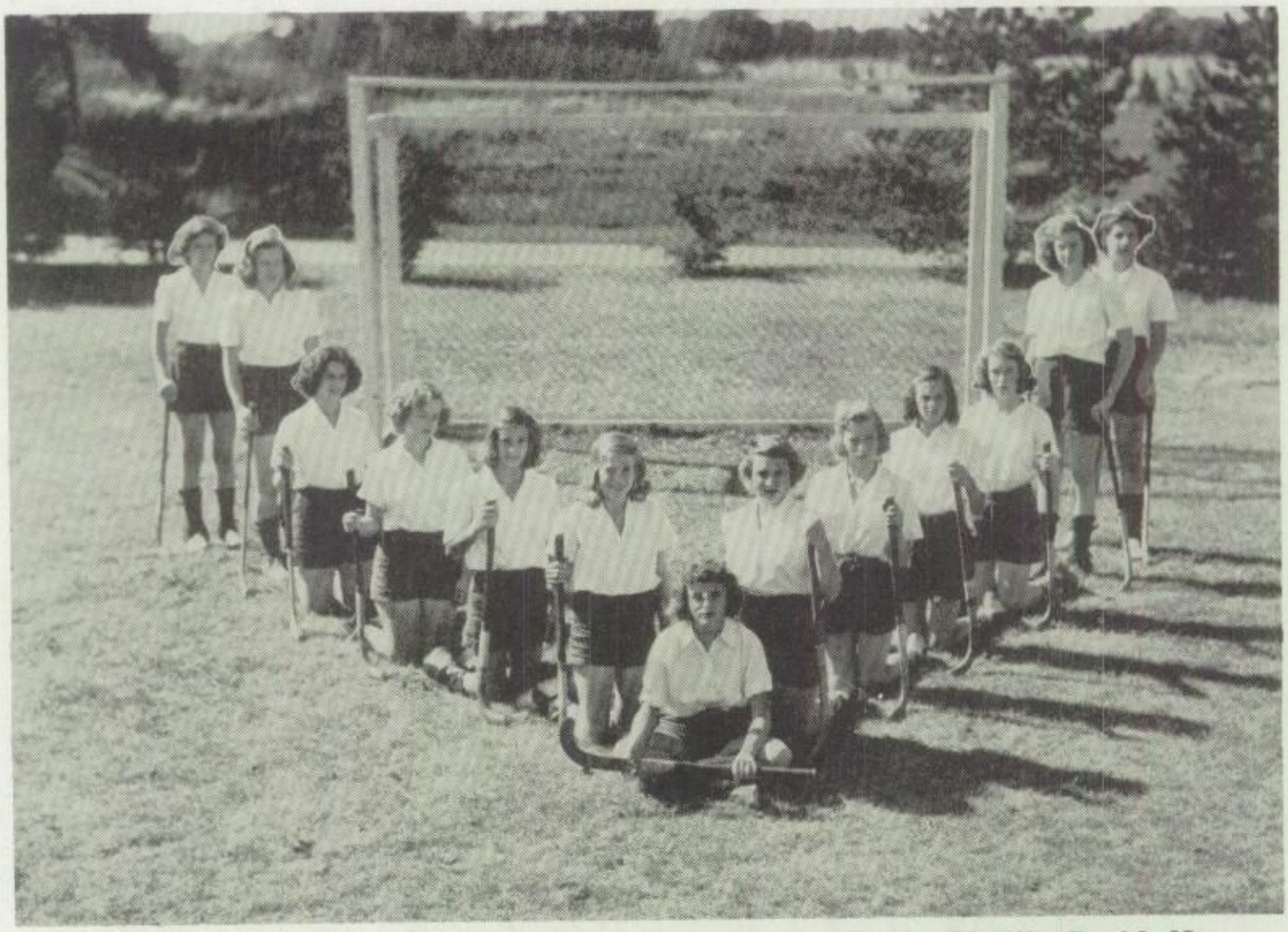
We feel that our major programs have been very successful and hope the minor projects such as field days have been enjoyed by the student body.

—Colette Geary, *President*

Kneeling: Joyce Southard, Carol Orns, Joan Bentley, Barbara Johnston.
Standing: Beverly Vickerstaff, Harriet Hollister, Babs Lennihan, Mary Ann Merrill, Lynne Morris.
Not in picture: Jacque Jones, Terry Williams.



Margaret Rose Patterson, Mary Blair Buggie, Harriet Levis, Marian Wieting.



Left to right: Mary Blair Buggie, Meg Grubb, Martha Wolfe, Phyllis Gould, Nancy Boeschenstein, Carol MacNichol, Betty Jay (captain), Betty Dee Morris, Harriet Levis, Paula Secor, Marian Wieting, Margaret Kinsey, Ginny Egger.
Not in Picture: Betty Bentley, Nancy Corbett.

All-Star Hockey Team

Regulars

Betty Jay.....*center*
Marilyn Beidler.....*right inner*
Sue Stone.....*left inner*
Margaret Rose Patterson.....*right wing*
Mary Hunter Johnston.....*right halfback*
Colette Geary.....*left halfback*
Luette Goodbody.....*center halfback*
Marian Wieting.....*right fullback*
Mary Blair Buggie.....*left fullback*
Betty Dee Morris.....*goalie*

Substitutes

Patricia Christy
Robin Foley
Joan Whalen

Left to right: Luette Goodbody, Nancy Wall, Margot Bennett, Teta Christy, Colette Geary, Bobinette Kressmann, Marilyn Beidler (captain), Jo Ann Johnson, Gloria Prudden, Robin Foley, Sue Stone, Boots Johnston, Margaret Rose Patterson, Joanie Whalen.
Not in picture: Eleanor Hollister.

Hockey Schedule

	Orange	*Brown*
October 21, 1942	1	1
October 29, 1942	2	1
November 4, 1942	1	2
November 11, 1942	1	0

November 6, 1942
Maumee Valley Country Day School..... 1
Grosse Pointe Country Day School..... 2

November 12, 1942
Maumee Valley Country Day School..... 0
Ottawa Hills School..... 2

Basketball Schedule

	Orange	*Brown*
February 3, 1943.....	5	7
February 10, 1943.....	8	8
February 15, 1943.....	7	15

January 29, 1943

Maumee Valley Country Day School (Jr. High).....26

Grosse Pointe Country Day School.....19

January 30, 1943

Maumee Valley Country Day School (Sr. High).....19

Grosse Pointe Country Day School.....21

Maumee Valley Country Day School.....17

Grosse Pointe Country Day School.....38

Awards

June, 1942

Silver M.V.

Mary Geraldine Teipel
Alice Rathbun

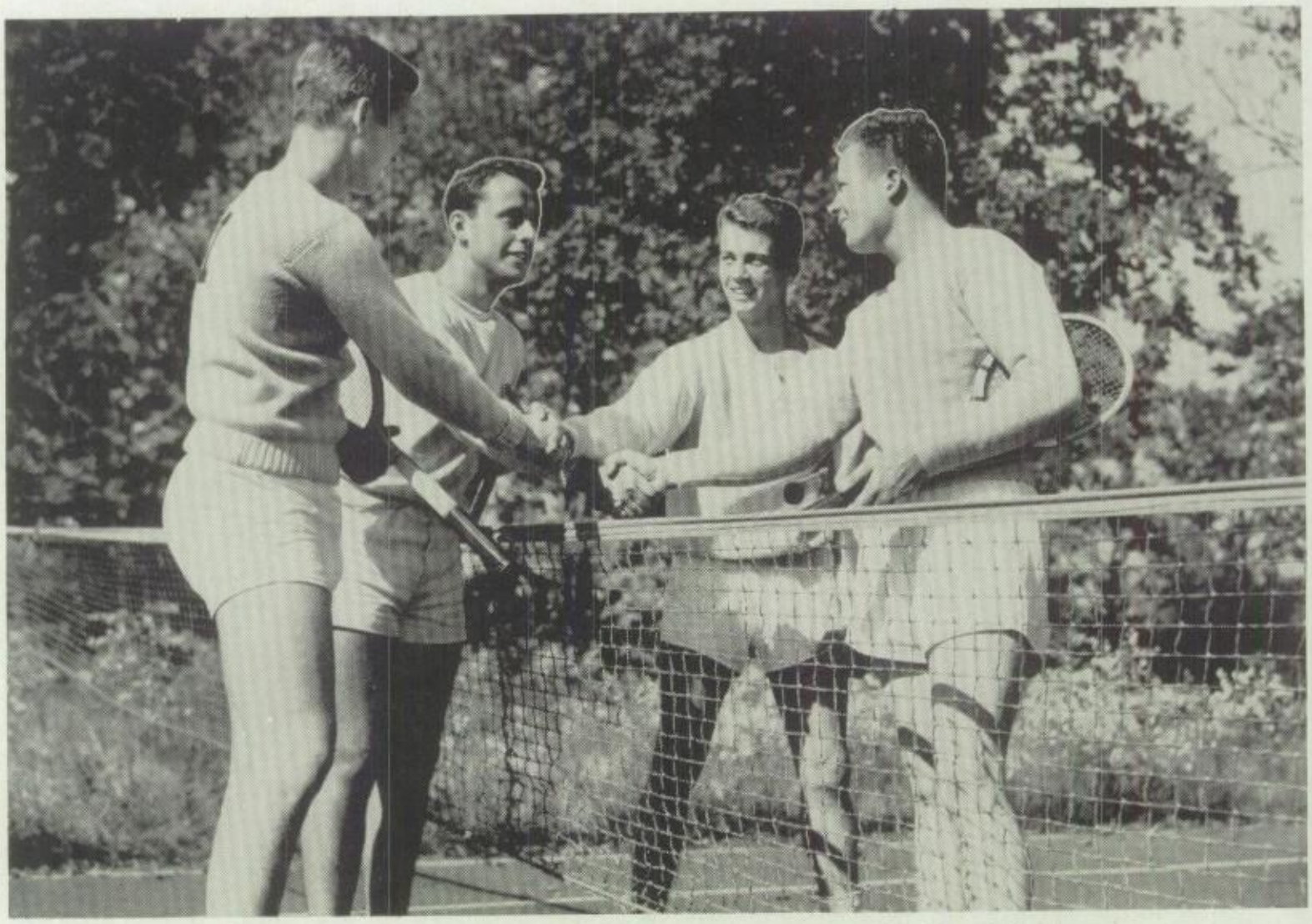
Second or more award

Marilyn Beidler
Mary Gordon Hascall
Betty D. Morris
Suzanne Stone
Nancy Wall
Martha Wolfe

First year award

Natalie Buckhout
Marie Louise de Coriolis
Chellis Carney
Betty Jay
Laurie Ann Orr
Georgia Wieting

Teta Christy, Bobinette Kressmann, Ginny Egger, Joan Whalen.



James Secor, Bryant Wood, Harry Wieting, Charles Ashley.

Boys' Basketball

First Row: Jim Morris, Pat Stranahan, Sonny Betz, Jim Nordhoff, Chuck Johnson.
Second Row: Bob Mauk, Bill Ajemian, Fritz Wolfe, Jon Ayers, Tom Adkins.
Third Row: Al Patterson, Harry Wieting, Jamie Secor, Clint Mauk, Bryant Wood, Bill Clark.
Not in picture: Charlie Ashley, Fred Buggie, Peter Hoffman, Dick Morley.

Basketball Schedule

		M.V.	*Opp.*
Feb. 19, 1943	Bowling Green Jr. Hi.....	31	21
Feb. 23, 1943	Bowling Green Jr. Hi.....	24	21
Feb. 27, 1943	Perrysburg Reserves	27	51
Mar. 12, 1943	Sylvania Freshmen ..... (o.t.)	29	31
Mar. 15, 1943	Perrysburg Reserves	18	34
Mar. 17, 1943	Sylvania Freshmen.....	32	25

Seated: Tom DeVilbiss, Norm Foley, Sidney Warner, Albert Frost, Jean Orns.
Standing: Raymond Kressmann, Tom Boeschenstein, Hutchie Lamb.
Not in picture: David Mebane, Robert Scher, George Stranahan.

Boys' Basketball

Letter Awards 1942-1943

Six-inch letters (1200 points)

William Clark
Clinton Mauk
Charles Johnson
Thomas Adkins
Jon Ayers
Robert Mauk
James Hendrickson

Four-inch letters (700 points)

James Nordhoff
Frederick Wolfe
James Morris
Roscoe Betz
William Ajemian
Duane Stranahan, Jr.

Two-inch letter (300 points)

Albert Patterson

Weather Vane Staff

Editor-in-chief.....Marilyn Beidler
Business Manager.....Luette Goodbody
Assistant Business Manager.....Nancy Wall
Literary Editors.....Mary Hunter Johnston
Martha Wolfe
Feature Editors.....Elizabeth D. Morris
Suzanne Stone
Photography and Art Editor.....Betty Jay

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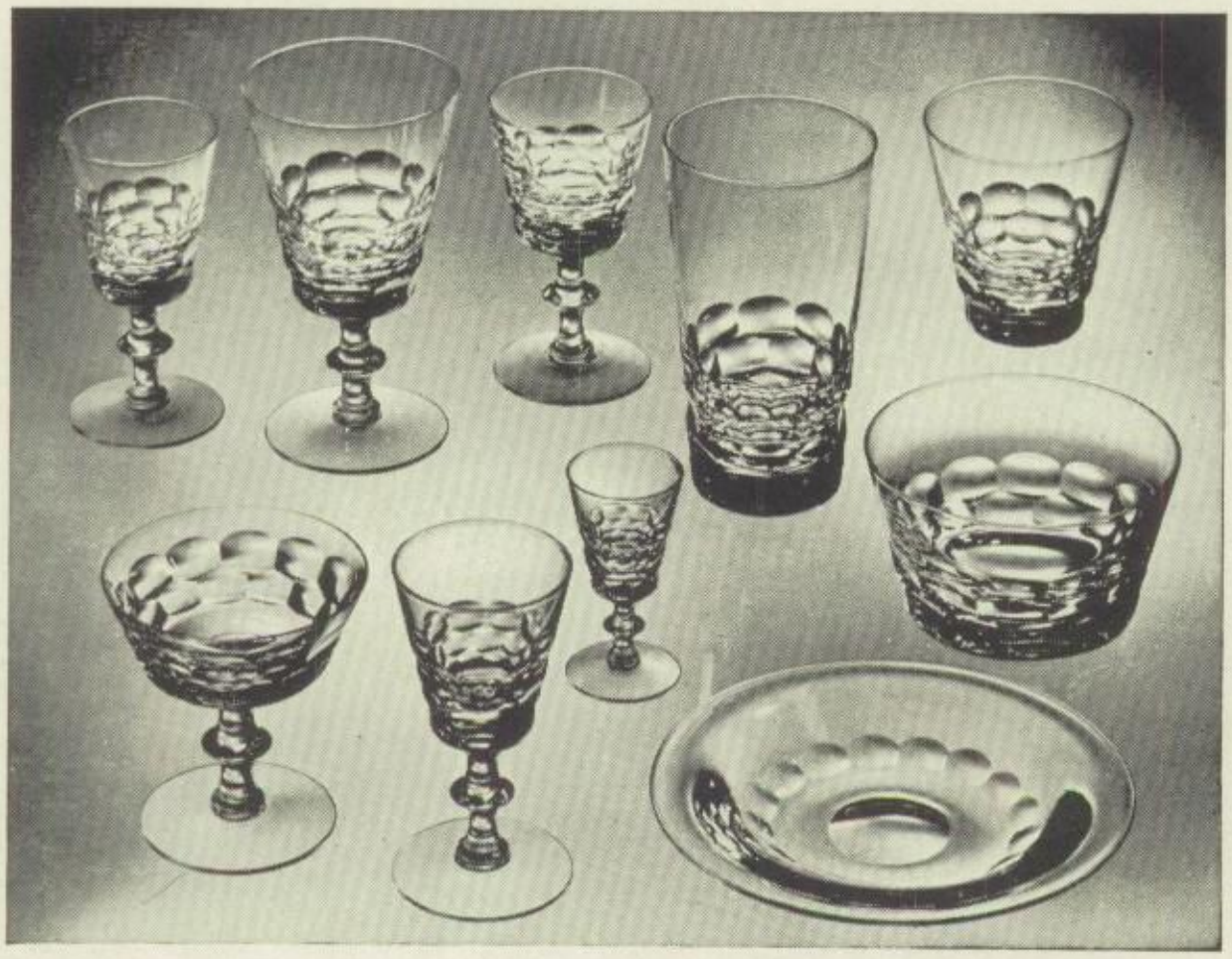

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